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THE COLBY ALUMNUS



APRIL, 1944



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The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 33

April 15, 1944

Number 6

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The Cover

"When that Aprille with his
showres soote . . ." began Jeff Chaucer,
and April showers have been a by-
word ever since. This month the
Colby co-eds blossomed out on rainy
days with Sou'westers (frankly, the
most sensible fashion fad observed for
some time), here modeled by Kath-
erine ("Kagen") McCarroll, '45, of
Ridgewood, N. J. She is majoring in
English, looking towards a journalistic
or advertising career. A certain Deke
bomber navigator in Charleston, S. C.,
will doubtless pin up this cover over
his bunk.

Fan Mail

Dear Editor;

That "Snowville" picture certainly
looked good to these sun-burned eyes!
I look forward to each issue of the
Alumnus.

— LT. FRANCIS W. JUGGINS, '31.
Corpus Christie, Tex.

Dear Editor;

I enjoyed the February *Alumnus*
very much and thought the cover was
pretty swell. I have seen several
alumni magazines of other colleges,
but I am sure I haven't seen one on a
par with Colby's.

— PVT. ROBERT WESCOTT, '44.

Dear Editor;

It is a great pleasure to receive and
read each issue of the *Alumnus*, for it
does provide a medium for Colby
people everywhere to keep remotely in
touch with each other, with you who
still remain on the campus, and with
Colby and its memories.

— 2ND LT. ROBT. C. DENNISON, '43.
APO 887,
c/o Postmaster, NYC.

Dear Editor;

The November *Alumnus* just
reached me — goodness knows it must
have wandered all over the South Pa-
cific to get here. I already had the
January number, however, so I'm not
too far behind the times. How about
some more "memory" pictures?
They take you back as does nothing
else.

— LT. (JG) HORACE BURR, '41.
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

The President's Page



Amid the puzzles that confront us in the effort to chart the course of the college for the next three or four years a few facts stand out plainly. First of all, Colby is committed to the liberal arts idea. It should not try to do what others can do better but should stick to its last with confidence in its own mission. It should not attempt to offer training in special skills but should bend its energies toward providing the kind of education which enables men and women to see life steadily and to see it whole. This is Colby's inheritance and of this sort is its destiny.

No one would claim, however, that we should accept the traditional views of the liberal arts program uncritically. It is high time that we looked at some of the subjects that till now have not belonged to the liberal arts family and asked ourselves whether they shouldn't be there. It is time also that we examined all our offerings with reference to their relation to the needs of the educated man. This is an urgent task for any college faculty today and I am sure that the members of our own faculty are ready for it.

So far as the long range view is concerned Colby should therefore proceed with confidence to plan its program along lines that have proved worth while in the past with such modifications as are suggested by the special insights of the present time. But it is obvious that for a few years we must also do a special job for the men and women who return from the war. Although most of them feel now that they want to come back to the familiar four years of college it is clear that some of them will require short courses adapted to their special needs which will be ready and waiting for them just as soon as they are discharged. Some of the men who come back will be hurt in body or in mind. We must be prepared to take them as they are and to give them all possible assistance to help them in developing the talents and interests they have. This means that from the start we must have a guidance program that will meet them with complete understanding and will provide individual attention through college and afterward.

What this adds up to is that we cannot escape "acceleration" during the war and for some time later. It need not, however, be the same kind of acceleration that we have now. For example, it is entirely conceivable that we might work out a co-operative program with the other Maine colleges which would enable us to alternate our summer sessions with theirs or to offer only the type of summer work in which we wished to specialize. At the same time we shall submit our liberal arts program to a searching examination in the belief that we can eliminate its most serious weaknesses and increase its obvious source of strength. We shall do this with the more determination because of our firm conviction that where there is no liberal vision democracy itself must perish.

J. S. Bixler

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

MENU—This is our spring literary number. Poetry, short fiction, amiable essay, fantasy, or prophesy—they are all present, not to mention a page of good solid propaganda for the Alumni Fund. It goes to show what the editorial associates of this magazine can produce if they feel like it.

Two or three of the contributions have to do with Colby's Golden Age, which varies strangely according to the experiences of each writer—and one puts it a decade into the future. We refuse to believe, however, that all of the intervening periods were dark ages, devoid of pleasant memories. Will someone speak up for the far-away eighties? The glamorous twenties? The turbulent thirties? Those electric pre-Pearl Harbor years? We hereby challenge contributions from all of our readers on the topic: "To me, the best time to be in college was . . ."

SHARE—Inevitably, we suppose, future student generations are going to take the Mayflower Hill buildings for granted, seldom realizing that those bricks and pillars are made of human decisions to do without this or that for the sake of seeing them erected. Take one small portion of the Women's Union, for instance. Here is what it cost.

When the Alumnae Secretary was traveling over the Eastern states making calls upon Colby women to acquaint them with the dream of this indispensable and beautiful structure, she followed one country lane for miles to come to a trim little house surrounded by orchards. She was welcomed by the housewife who listened eagerly and pledged herself to a \$60 "share" in the project, adding that she would pay it that fall if the apple crop was good. Well, the pledge was not paid that fall, but over the ensuing years payments of a dollar or two at a time came at intervals. The other day the Alumnae Secretary received a check for the balance, together with an explanation for the delay. After she had made the pledge, this alumna wrote, "we had a new baby, an appendectomy, a two and one-half year siege with tuberculosis, two broken arms and a broken leg, to say nothing of a total crop failure of 6,000 bushels of apples destroyed by hail." And had these

events gotten this Colby girl down? Not at all. "Now, I am happy to say," she concluded, "we are all well, on top of the world and glad to have a share, no matter how small, in the new Colby."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY—We chanced upon a little scene in the hall just outside President Bixler's office the other day. Fran Shannon, '44, and Jody Scheiber, '47, were in the act of presenting the President with some sort of a scroll. As he unrolled this, it turned out to be a five-foot long birthday card lettered with some appropriate doggerel and inscribed with the signature of about every girl in college. As we finally dug it out, the story was that Jody had stumbled upon Bixler's natal date in *Who's Who* a few days previously and so the dorm girls had straightway gone about to create an oversized greeting card.

But this is not all. The pictorial part of the document depicted an Easter bunny under whose nose was a sheaf of "lettuce"—at least the leaves were green and were numbered and the numbers totalled \$35. This, they hastened to explain, was the girls' gift to the Orchestra Fund which the President had announced at the Colby-Community Symphony Concert two days before. (He had told the audience that the Juilliard Foundation of New York had been so impressed with the achievement of our orchestra as depicted in the roto section of a Boston paper last December that they had offered the college \$500 for further development of this project, contingent upon the college raising an equal amount.) Knowing how close to the President's heart was the musical prog-

ress of the college, the co-eds had decided that there was no better way to express their birthday felicitations than by giving this fund a start-off. So they convassed the dorms with jelly glasses, running back to empty out the change whenever a tumbler was full, and finally lugging the bag of silver down to the bank to exchange it for crisp new "lettuce." We would like F. D. R. to know that he is not the only president whose birthday is celebrated by gifts towards a good cause.

FELLOW—The award of a Guggenheim Fellowship to Prof. Carl J. Weber (detailed elsewhere) is national recognition of the head of our English department in a way that will gratify all Colby people. In the field of English literature and cultural history, Prof. Weber is one of only three recipients in North America, the other two residing in Toronto and Cambridge. (Other awards were made for projects in American history and literature, Latin American work, biologic sciences, music, etc.) If anyone has earned the right to take a year off from academic duties and get a book out of his system, it is Weber. The Colby Library has gotten out a bibliography of his published writings, listing exactly 200 titles. From No. 47 on, virtually all of these writings have had to do with Thomas Hardy (except for Edwin Arlington Robinson edging in a bit towards the last) so it is no wonder that the Guggenheim trustees were impressed with Weber's qualifications for handling a definitive piece of work on Hardy. The project proposed by Prof. Weber and accepted by the trustees concerns the novelist and his first wife. A college gains prestige through its faculty and this reward to the indefatigable scholarship of one of our professors is something for us all to gloat over.

We Point With Pride To—

Charles H. Pepper, '89, for talking a burglar into jail. (Page 23.)

Lt. Whitney Wright, '37, decorated with the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy." (Page 17.)

HARDY AGAIN—It was bound to happen. When hundreds of young men go through Colby College and are exposed to the wonders of the Thomas Hardy Collection on this campus it was inevitable that one of them would regard this war as a heaven-sent opportunity to visit Dorset.

It does not surprise us in the least that David C. Libbey, '38, whom we remember as the tall, quiet boy in the Library, should make a pilgrimage to the Hardy country at his first opportunity. To a newsman, however, searching for human interest stories and unaware that Colby is the U. S. Hardy capitol, it seemed worth the cable charges on 400 words to describe how an American soldier reveled in the opportunity to sleep in Hardy's study, see his birthplace and visit the grave containing the great man's heart. One likes to imagine the amazement with which Libbey's hospitable British host and hostess must have learned that Thomas Hardy is a by-word in a rural American college of which they had never heard. The dispatch is reprinted in full elsewhere in this magazine and constitutes rather a warning incident in Anglo-American relations.

MAINE ART — Commencement will have a new attraction this year—an opportunity to see an exhibition of Maine art which may well warrant the respectful notice of metropolitan art circles. Prof. Samuel M. Green, the young etcher and scholar who came onto the Colby faculty last fall, has felt strongly that the role of the State of Maine in the nation's artistic life is more fully sensed outside this state than at home. The fact is that Maine has both exciting scenery and a regional culture of its own, a kind of super-distilled New Englandism which has made it a prime source spot of inspiration to hundreds of artists. A selection of top-drawer paintings and prints will be hung, including works by Winslow Homer, John Marin, Waldo Peirce, Marsden Hartley, and Colby's Charles Hovey Pepper. The Martha Baker Dunn Lounge of the Union will provide a spacious and fire-proof gallery for the exhibit. We hope many will avail themselves of this opportunity.

SLOGAN — From Lt. Norman D. Palmer, '30, USNR, stationed at Camp Kearney, California, comes a suggestion: "Recently I received a newspaper clipping which reported President Bixler as saying to the trustees at the Boston meeting: '*When our boys return from the fronts, we must be ready to offer an education worthy of the tremendous efforts they have made.*' Every kind of organiza-

"WHEN OUR BOYS RETURN FROM THE FRONTS, WE MUST BE READY TO OFFER AN EDUCATION WORTHY OF THE TREMENDOUS EFFORTS THEY HAVE MADE."

tion nowadays seems to be adopting a slogan to keynote its objectives, so may I suggest that Colby take these words of its President as its statement of purpose. You might print them in caps and send a copy to each member of the faculty, and board of trustees. It will do no harm to remind them of the magnitude of the job ahead."

We fully agree with this former history professor. How does this look to you at the top of this page, Norman?

TREATY — If you want a foretaste of the issues coming up at the peace negotiations which will follow victory, come around to the campus on May 6 and watch 50 or 75 high school kids "write the peace."

Colby is to be host to a "model peace conference," with delegations from various Maine schools and academies each representing one nation at the peace table. Already the history classes in each participating school are busily identifying themselves with their "nation-for-a-day" and are boning up on that country's particular aspirations and fears, the elements of strength and weakness of its bargaining position, and its general economic and political background.

What will happen when they get to arguing about the Polish boundary, the disposal of Korea, the African colonies, the rehabilitation of conquered nations, the question of indemnities and reparations, and the whole problem of organizing and implementing a world society — is anybody's guess.

True, it is amusing to think of these dewy-cheeked youngsters tossing off decisions in one afternoon on problems which have the world's best brains baffled. Yet the project isn't absurd. The point is not what solutions they may arrive at, but the fact that out of this play-acting they will learn some important truths: that there has to be a willingness to give and take; that the little nations, too, have rights; that once you get into it, the problems of a just and durable peace are infinitely

more complicated than the average newspaper reader realizes. These are wholesome ideas to filter into the dinner table conversation of American families and the only trouble with the Colby idea is that it ought to be repeated in every state. And, for that matter, in every one of the United Nations.

RICKER — The many Ricker graduates among our readers have probably heard of the total loss by fire of Wording Hall a few weeks ago. It was a staggering blow, but the general feeling of loyalty which an event of this kind engenders, may lead to better things for this fine old Aroostook school. The Ricker trustees, we learn, are embarking upon a \$300,000 campaign to build more adequate facilities in place of the destroyed building. This project has the cordial best wishes of the Colby family. Ricker and Colby have been traditionally close. In fact, R. C. I. was born in the minds of two Colby men — Rev. Joseph Ricker, '39, and Judge Jonathan G. Dickerson, '36 — who were snowbound in Danforth one winter night and got to talking about little Houlton Academy and what it could mean to the region if properly developed. How Dr. Ricker sold the idea to the Colby trustees, helped raise an endowment, obtained the gift of the Institute building (now burned) from the widow of his college-mate, Judge William E. Wording, '36, and even contributed \$5,000 from his own meager ministerial savings, is all part of the school's tradition and explains why they gratefully named it for him. The principal's chair has been occupied by William S. Knowlton, '64, Arthur M. Thomas, '80, Justin O. Wellman, '98, and other Colby men down to the present able incumbent, Roy M. Hayes, '18. In turn, the school has repaid its debt to the college with a steady stream of Aroostookites — a specialized breed of Yankee (or Swedish) manhood and womanhood who good naturedly took the kidding from their fellow students (and Dr. Libbey) about Spudland and turned out to be the backbone of their classes. Yes, Ricker and Colby are linked in the affections of a good many good folk and the school is to be congratulated as it recovers from a severe blow and goes on to heights of greater effectiveness.

THE GAY NINETIES--THE GOLDEN AGE

By H. Warren Foss, '96

THE best time to go to Colby was in the gay nineties. That period did not constitute the golden age because of our privations, of which we had many—no moving pictures, radios, or airplanes. Neither were they the golden age on account of the limitations of those horse and buggy days—front yards, picket fences, watering tubs, tin peddlers, spare rooms, what-nots, feather beds, and the whole vast category of antiques. No, they were the best days because a certain something told us that we were on the very threshold of one of the great epochs of the world's history. We felt the anticipatory thrill of startling inventions and marvelous discoveries.

In our day Professor Roentgen published his discovery of the X-ray, and immediately some of the young Colby physicists began experiments in Shannon Observatory. Possibly because of defects in the Crookes tube which they used, the results of their work never appeared in any of the technical journals. Incidentally, however, they stumbled upon several laws of nature which had escaped the attention of Archimedes, Galileo, and Sir Isaac Newton. During our second year Alexander Graham Bell startled the world by opening in New York the first telephone booth for long distance communication and actually talked with Chicago. Before we left college Waterville opened its first very modest telephone exchange. One of our evening diversions was to stroll down town and look upon the first house in Waterville lighted by electricity. We saw for the first time men in uniform going from house to house delivering the United States mail. Our beloved Sam Osborne appeared in a resplendent uniform with JANITOR blazoned on his cap. Electric car lines were being built. For five cents one could ride in an open car from Waterville to Fairfield. We read of a man out west who had invented a horseless carriage. Some were bold enough to predict the coming of a flying machine.

Early in our course we helped celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America and entered into a

sympathetic attitude toward the great Columbus for we, too, were facing a new world. Safety bicycles were appearing in large numbers, adventurous young men were beginning to smoke cigarettes, and the battered faces and long hair of heroic sophomores in turtle neck sweaters gave evidence that football had come to Colby.

Yes, we were living in a changing world. Shirt waists with balloon sleeves—made popular by Charles Dana Gibson—would prove only a passing fad. Men would soon discard congress boots, cut-away coats, and the high collars which had supplanted the celluloid variety. We should not always be reading Rudyard Kipling, Mary E. Wilkins, Ian MacLaren or Laura Jean Libby. Even if it were only *Yes, We Have No Bananas* or *Pistol Packin' Mama*, songs would be composed someday that would drive out *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, *Little Annie Rooney*, and *Boozier Brown*. As a matter of fact about the time we left college, but not because of our going, one of America's favorites came along—*There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night*. Someday our popular magazines, *Puck* and *Judge*—

along with the *Police Gazette*—would be surpassed by higher forms of literature. Little did we dream, however, that the time would come when the editors of three of the leading magazines in America would be Colby men* who had studied English under Rob.

Great changes were taking place throughout the country. The South was becoming The New South. The Wild West with its stagecoach robberies, train hold-ups, and Indian warfare, where flourished such colorful characters as Deadwood Dick, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill, and Sitting Bull, was fast becoming the Golden West surpassing even Horace Greeley's fondest dreams.

Even the Bible was undergoing changes and great was the consternation in some quarters over the Revised Version. Shailer Mathews delivered a lecture in Waterville on the new version after which one dear old lady was heard to remark that she liked to listen

*—George Horace Lorimer, '98, *The Saturday Evening Post*; Sheppard E. Butler, '03, *Liberty Magazine*; Merle Crowell, '10, *The American Magazine*.



WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED COLBY STUDENT WAS WEARING—
IN 1895

Puff sleeves and stand-up collars were part of the scene in the Gay Nineties.

to Dr. Mathews but she hadn't much use for his *reversed vision*.

It was in our day that a fraternity known as Phi Beta Kappa was instituted at Colby and we were all urged to join. Most of us, however, decided to become members of a rival fraternity called Phi Chi. We objected to some of the requirements of the new fraternity as well as to the veto power it allowed Faculty to exercise. Then, too, Phi Beta Kappa had no fraternity song while Phi Chi had one with a resounding swing that we soon learned to sing with an enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism. It went to the classic tune *Marching Through Georgia* and ran something like this,

*A babe was born in Colby, boys, way
back in sixty-four,
She's thundered for admission at many
a freshman's door,
But thanks to God and ninety-six, she
lives forevermore
For Phi Chi is in her ancient glory.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for old
Phi Chi.
Hurrah Hurrah! And may she
never die,
For luck is pluck and the Prex is
stuck,
And the Profs are high and dry,
And Phi Chi is in her reigning glory.*

A crusading spirit was abroad — a feeling that a better day must come. Frances E. Willard was leading a battle against intemperance. Susan B. Anthony was pleading for woman suffrage. Henry George was campaigning for a single tax. There was a country wide demand for the popular election of United States Senators. Even the venerable Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate in our day, when asked if he prayed for the Senators replied: "No. I look at the Senators and pray for the country." The month we graduated, William Jennings Bryan set a national convention wild with an enthusiasm that nearly swept him into the White House when he declared: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a Cross of Gold."

The curriculum was changing. There were many who felt that three dead languages were one dead language too many for a small college. Anglo-Saxon seemed to have the fewest friends among students, faculty,

and trustees. The patron saint of the Anglo-Saxons — a scholarly gentleman known as The Venerable Bede — who had been dead around 1,100 years, had very few friends left. Their great poem — *The Beowulf* — was no doubt a masterpiece in its day but we preferred *Casey at the Bat*, Holman Day's *Anna Held's Visit to Belgrade Lakes*, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Laugh and the World Laughs with You*. Therefore when it came to dropping a language it was Anglo-Saxon that had to go. It fell to our class to conduct the final exercises by the light of a huge bonfire one dark night on the remote shore of the sacred Messalonskee. Haven Metcalf, who later achieved international renown not as a poet but as a scientist, read a most touching poetic tribute. An obscure member of the class delivered a funeral oration. Since the Anglo-Saxons had produced no great orators he was forced to turn for his model to the well known Funeral Oration of Pericles. Strangely, neither the poem nor the oration has ever appeared in any collection of the World's Best Literature.

The class of '96 attempted to make one change which didn't work. We were impressed with the extremely dangerous location of Waterville and the college in case of an enemy attack. Fort Popham at the mouth of the Kennebec had been dismantled, Fort Western at Augusta had become hardly more than a museum piece, and Fort Halifax in Winslow had been allowed to disappear until only one sad, dilapidated blockhouse remained. To the west, Colby's only protection was a railroad track and an antiquated rail fence. Directly across the river from the college enemy earthworks were being thrown up, foundations for some mighty structure were being laid, and huge piles of bricks, concrete blocks, and granite were accumulating. The report that the Hollingsworth & Whitney company was erecting a pulp mill was considered by many as clever propaganda. The indications were that a mighty fortress was being erected.

Our class decided to act. Scouts reported that an ancient cannon standing on a certain spacious lawn as an ornament would make a good defense weapon if moved to the rear of Memorial Hall where it would have command of the Kennebec.

One dark night after careful recon-

naissance our makeshift army set out unescorted to move the cannon. We reached the field piece without the slightest suspicion that spies and fifth columnists had been at work. We were busily engaged in dragging the artillery toward the College when the entire police force of Waterville suddenly confronted us — as if expelled by springs from invisible fox holes. Our squad at once pulled an ancient trick of the Greeks and Romans when caught in a tight place. We evaporated into thin air — all but Herb Pratt who, camouflaged in a white sweater, finally won a foot race with two policemen, and Charles Turner who was made a prisoner of war. At first we feared he had been liquidated but found later that he had gone on a personally conducted tour to an ominous looking building of ill repute locally known as the cooler. Thanks to influential friends and sympathetic officials he was allowed, after being the recipient of much good advice, to resume his college career. Since that night we have been perfectly willing to let the United States Government exercise its constitutional right to attend to all matters pertaining to the national defense.

The changes have been so great that the memories of those old days bring a tinge of sadness: Genung's *Rhetoric*, the drab *Latin Grammar* that had more exceptions than rules, the hush of Prof. Elder's room, broken only by the scratching of fountain pens, the long-drawn-out tolling of the college bell, the milling knot of students hovering around the battered bulletin board, the evening group sitting on the steps of North College singing *How the Old Folks Would Enjoy It*, the periodic visits of Judge Bonney with his ominous black bag, the grim visage of Zeus on his pedestal near Prof. Hall's desk, the excitement at the station as the 9 o'clock trains came in, the daily ministrations of Sam, the soul-stirring examinations in Memorial Hall where our agony was matched only by that of the Lion of Lucerne, the devious route of Prof. Rogers on his new safety bicycle as he made his way by means of parabolic curves, as befitted an astronomer, from his home to Shannon Observatory, the calm dignity of Prof. Taylor as he walked to his class room with the ever-present book in his hand.

Yes, they are cherished memories of a great period in Colby's history.

THEN AND NOW

By Diana Wall Pitts, '13

IN the happy days we graduated once a year, not every few weeks. It was June — ah! June! Bridal-wreath left snowy trails along the campus, and apple blossoms shook snowy petals over paths by the Messalonski.

(That's about enough snow for Commencement, sez I. I attended a December graduation on Mayflower Hill; and a raging blizzard with temperature of eight below zero attended it, too. We had difficulty finding the road to the Women's Union, and our car froze up while we were in at the exercises.)

On the aforesaid lovely June morning in 1913, we marched in slow and stately line, for all the world to see, from the campus down to the Baptist Church, our caps firmly adjusted with long hat-pins, and our gowns floating back in the summer breeze as we went leisurely to Baccalaureate. Three full days of exercises still lay ahead of us before diplomas and Commencement Dinner would make of us the finished product.

(In breathless haste we made for Chapel and Baccalaureate on the old campus this December day in '43, with the firm purpose of seeing our gradu-

The contrasts in the Colbys of thirty years apart were impressed upon Mrs. Pitts last December when she attended the graduation and wedding of her daughter Josephine (Mrs. Fred B. McAlary) all in one eventful winter afternoon. In this antiphonal essay she points up the differences in tempo. Which do you think were the Golden Days?

ates in caps and gowns here, as we might never negotiate the Hill if the storm grew worse, or the temperature fell any lower. Then, too, if we didn't hurry we might meet ourselves coming out. These G. I. exercises are like time and tide.)

Three golden days of good fellowship, laughter, speech-making, banquets and, finally, diplomas. We were, at long last, launched upon the Turbulent Sea of Life. What matter that we were about as ready for it as nuns from a convent! We were launched, the bottle of champagne was broken (not drunk), and we spent months looking leisurely for just the right job, and years of engagement before we would consider marriage.

(In December '43, Baccalaureate was followed by dinner, and then swiftly

on the heels of dinner, almost before you knew it, the speaker was finished, diplomas were handed out and another set of youngsters was launched. No secluded nuns, these, but well informed young people on whose shoulders rest World War II, and Victory at any price!!)

My room-mate of the Golden Days married the man of her choice. They were both Juniors. She was promptly invited to leave college. When I indignantly asked why, a professor said, "Because of the bad example she sets other girls, and" (listen to this) "she might tell things."

(She was just ahead of her time! On this December afternoon all the faculty and all the graduates and friends hastened from the Union to the little Episcopal Church below the Hill, and there, one of the graduates, diploma still in hand, took her marriage vows, in the candlelight of the early winter twilight, amid the chrysanthemums, and all the college beamed approval.)

Could it be that these are the Golden Days after all, and those other days, of too much leisure and false standards are only gilded by Time?

(Today's ways are best.)

Maybe!

A TROLL STORY OF MAYFLOWER HILL

By Helen M. Watson, '44

ONCE upon a river there was a bridge, called the Messalon Ski-Bridge by those who crossed it on barrel staves in their earliest days of sallying forth to ski on Dead Man's Hill. This name for the bridge was retained later, when the staves grew to more graceful outlines and became steel-edged Dartmouth Fliers (or ilk) and Dead Man's Hill assumed comparative anthill proportions. (Except that those who couldn't pronounce Messalon Ski-Bridge just said "The Bridge," and still do.)

Anyhow, under this Bridge there lived a family of Trolls, Mama and

Miss Watson comes from Hartford and will graduate this spring. She occasionally submits a riotous sketch for The Echo and looks forward to a career in journalism, at least until "The Lieutenant" in the South Pacific gets home. This fantasy was in response to a request by the Editor to describe Life on The Hill.

Papa Troll, Selfcon Troll, and little Faith Troll. When little Faith heard the kids walking across her Bridge around the middle of July every year, she knew that Spring had come to Maine at last. Then her little cousin

Hoibie Troll, who lived under the Brooklyn Bridge, would come to spend August in Maine, and the time of the singing of boids was officially in season, and the verce of the toitle was hoid in the land.

Hoibie, being a New Yorker, was Enterprising, so, although he did not try to sell Faith the Brooklyn Bridge, or even a gold brick, he did sell her a Silver-plated Trowel and the idea of trying to find out where the kids were going who walked across her Bridge so gaily half the year. But just about that time, Jerry Oogee walked over the Bridge taking his father on a little

field trip, and was heard to expound the theory that Mayflower Hill was once covered by the sea to within fifteen feet of the summit. Then Faith knew that the kids walked across her Bridge on their way to gather sheasells to shell at the shoresea. (Faith was a little tongue-tied.)

The Spirit of Enterprise had been well fostered in Faith by the influence of cousin Hoibie, so one year when she was about ten years old, Faith made her Venture. Armed with her Silver (plated) Trowel, she advanced to the Hill in hesitant stages, often assailed by fears and doubts, but always led on by thoughts of the countless joys she would bring to an infinite number of young folk when she should at last be able to distribute among them her sea-shell treasures.

At last Arrived, and having accumulated a tentative stack of these natural gems (a process somewhat retarded by frequent pauses to gather Mayflowers By The Wayside). Faith began to think of lodging them securely for future reference. So she bethought herself of the Silver Trowel girded to her waist, garnered a few stray bricks dropped in their passage by Fairfield Pioneers, and mortared them into a small enclosure with some extremely adhesive Mayflower Hill Mud.

And that was HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

Faith liked the Hill so well that she stayed, transferring her abode from Bridge to pine grove, and she lives there still, but many and divers are the Wonders that have been wrought since Faith Ventured.

Mayflower Hill is now a Teeming Tumulus, a veritable Hive of Industry. To pass from the realms of Andersen to Miltonic reality, a brief expose of Life on the Hill must commence with the Grimmiest of considerations, that of How to Get There. J. Milton proposed three modes of transportation:

- ... passing now the *Ford*,
- ... after him a cumbrous *Train*,
- ... and the neighbouring *Plaine*,"

but Paradise would indeed be Lost, had we to rely on these impracticalities nowadays. The most advantageous to Mayflower Paradise at present is that unequalled equipage, the Colby bus, variously known as the Colby Island Special, the blankety-blank missing link (when you've arrived for the 3:47½ trip at 3:48 and reap only the whirlwind of its copious exhaust), or

most familiarly as the Blue Beetle. This chariot performs its functions most creditably under the tutelage of an assortment of Apollos of both genders. There are two main rules to be observed by those who would be efficient commuters *via* the Beetle.

Firstly, one carries about with one a copy of the all-hallowed BUS SCHEDULE inscribed on parchment sufficiently rugged to withstand semesters of bi-weekly erasures, insertions, and assorted changes. When this valued document is lost, one can only resort to pitching a tent across from the post-office or a cot on the steps of the Union, so as to be on hand when the Vehicle looms into vision and audibility. (One need *not* worry about sleeping through its arrival.)

Secondly, one must present to the driver one's passport, birth certificate, social security card, and two sets of clean fingernails to gain admittance. OR, if the driver is *not* aboard, one must take one's seat quietly, sit with folded hands and shining face, and *not* toot the horn impatiently. Dire penalties have been known to be inflicted for this latter indiscretion.

All rules having been faithfully observed, it will be found that not even Barkis was ever more willin' than a Colby bus-driver is to make both campuses meet by grinding all gears until they fit perfectly and gliding merrily to and fro, up and down the precipices from 7:00 a.m. to 9:15 p.m. (12:00 p.m. on Saturday).

And between trips on this richly commented coach, there is much to be done on The Hill. From the first clamoring of one's pre-war Big Benjamin (if one is the blessed possessor of such) or the not-so-gentle nudging of the less fortunate by the floor's earliest awakener, there is a whirl of activity worthy of the aforementioned Teeming Tumulus.

There are Classes, wherein one is apt to find that during the course of the year, one's intelligence is apt to run the gamut of efficiency from alpha double-plus prodigity down to epsilon-minus semi-moronity, according to the amount of sleep one has had, how the make-up looked on the front page of last week's *Echo*, whether or not a squadron of air students containing THE ONE has departed for classification centers—or whatever extraneous influences are brought to bear on the harassed mind.

The main differences from college life on the old campus run somewhat as follows:

One may now arise at 7:58 and still make not only an 8:00 class, but an 8:40 breakfast at the college store.

One has to yearn for one's mail until 11:00 a.m. or 5:00 p.m., not being satisfied as to reception of such at 8:30 or 1:30 as formerly.

One may spend an afternoon's study in one's own room with reserve books borrowed for two hours from the tiny but efficient library in Women's Union.

One looks with awe at a civilian male outfit, and upon the T-shirt and masculine saddle-shoe with reverence for its transient glory, so accustomed has the eye become to the khaki-clad.

Weekends have become gratuitous affairs. One no longer shivers at a football or hockey game all afternoon for a consideration, nor pays any sum to dance of a Saturday night. Funds have sprung from obscure corners to support the Open Door policy in the Union every weekend, and competition is great among campus organizations in vying for new and different modes of entertainment.

During the week, some of the worthier institutions remain. Averill lectures. Library Associates, Community concerts, Cooperative concerts, etc., still go on in spite of an occasional indisposition among the nobility involved.

Sororities convene every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m., Red Cross holds forth one night or more per week. The sounding of chimes at dinner any night in the week may be a prelude to the proclamation that tonight at 8:00 Stewgee will meet in the Union, the senior class will meet tonight at 8:00 in Room 107, Panhellenic will meet in the Mary Low classroom tonight at 8:00, or at 8:00 tonight the Current Events group will meet in Smith Lounge with Professors Wilkinsfamily and Fullup—until the locks of the Colby family are virtually rent out by the roots in a desperate desire to be everywhere at once.

It is gay, but it is not oblivious to serious considerations of government, war, peace, and taxes. And Faith is constant. She lives with us still and reads her Milton philosophically. She will remain until:

" this Mount

Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd

Out of his place."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF 1954

By Perry Scope, '58

NINETEEN fifty-four! What a year that was for Colby! And '55, '56 and '57, too.

We freshmen who descended on Mayflower Hill in the fall of '54 did so literally. They landed from all directions—the helicopters, family and single models, using Colby's new terminal down back of the stadium near the Messalonskee river; the private planes found plenty of room at the Waterville airport just across the way; and the exchange students from European schools came in on the 9:15 A. M. "Strato-Fearless," eight hours out of London, while the kids from South America and the Orient joined forces in Para, Brazil, and came up together on the "Equatorial"—daily between Buenos Aires and Montreal.

Yes, the freshmen entering Colby in the fall of '54 had special reason to expect a glorious four years on the hill. Their class was the first to fully represent centers of learning all over the world. For Colby had really made a name for itself in liberal arts circles by going all-out to assist war-torn nations in the reconstruction of educational facilities and intellectual ideals. Those entering students were a cross-section of humanity, amply fulfilling Colby's policy, announced that spring, of exchanging scholarships on a world-wide basis. Incidentally, the January, '55, edition of *The Alumnus* proudly featured its first International Section with copy from all its representatives in foreign lands.

It didn't take the '54 frosh long to get rolling. What a start they had. Take those television courses. The ridge in back of the chapel was a natural spot for a relay station because of its height in relation to other surrounding points. The station was completed in the summer of '54 and that fall it became a vital link in the New England Network which connected

This forward-looking sketch of Colby's real "Golden Age," was contributed by an anonymous member of the Editorial Board who is in the class of '36 and is on the staff of Newsweek.

New York points with Canada. Very early in television's history, Colby took advantage of unusually good reception to use its sets in the class rooms. I remember that one of the first series of lectures was delivered by Speaker of the House Pete Mills, direct from Washington. His series was heard and seen simultaneously by 87 colleges from Miami to Orono, but because of our location he came through especially clear to us. It seems to me that Prof. Wilkinson (long may he wave) had a lot to do with setting up that series because of his past association with Pete. Wilkie made it part of his "stepped up" Poli Sci course.

There were a lot of other reasons why '54 was a good year to be entering Colby. The world had cooled off. The kids were learning to fly their own planes instead of bombers and fighters. The football team that year knocked the drawers off of Bowdoin, as usual, instead of a bunch of Germans or Japs.

The swimming team set a couple of records in Yale's Payne Whitney gym instead of fighting their hearts out in a sea of blazing oil. That winter our club received a bid to the National Invitation Basketball Tourney in Madison Square Garden, not an assignment to wipe out a dozen pill boxes. It made you feel good to watch the baseball team work out and know that was a harmless horseshit they were throwing around, not a hand-grenade.

From '54 on, the Phi Betes could win themselves a summer trip to China, India and all over by strato-liner. The big commercial lines had worked out an agreement with the Education Ministries of about a hundred nations which gave students a terrific break on rates, most of which were covered by scholarships. And there seemed to be more Phi Betes than usual coming along. A long hard war had been fought to give us a chance to grow, mentally as well as physically. Most of us had fathers, brothers, uncles or cousins who had "been around" the world, and brought back knowledge of all peoples, knowledge of toleration, a new perspective, some understanding of how to get along with folks everywhere. That was the background the freshmen had in '54 and a lot of them set out to make the most of it.

Yes, in retrospect, I'd say our class had every reason to start fast. The educational world was our oyster in its widest sense. It's true we took a lot of things for granted but most of us appreciated the specials. We were all pretty casual about Colby's air terminal, its television set-up and its own FM broadcasting station, W2-MUL. And we figured that a place like this would naturally have a big field house, golf course, stadium, indoor swimming pool and hockey rink. The lake looked as though it had always been there, so



WELCOME TO COLBY, FRESHMAN!

... the family helies dropped in from all directions ...

we didn't think twice about it.

But there were some things that hit us. For instance, the microfilm library was something we'd heard about, had vague notions of, but we had no idea just what it contained. It really was a thrill to sit down for the first time and run off those Lincoln letters from the originals, the Magna Charta and all the other famous documents which had seemed pretty drab in the pages of a too-thick text book.

There were other things. It didn't make us any lazier to relax in our fraternity rooms with a cigarette and listen to the chapel speakers over the public address system which was wired into all the houses. We never heard of "cuts" because we could dial any lecture room and maybe that didn't give the kids in the infirmary a break! As a matter of fact, it was in '54 and '55 that Colby started exchanging courses with other schools in the Inter-collegiate Network. It started slow with Columbia offering a 45-minute period three times a week featuring Dean Ackerman, head of the School of Journalism. Harvard and Princeton soon followed and I remember Dartmouth's School of Architecture contributed, starring Prof. J. F. Larson. Right after that, Prof. Weber came in with his Hardy series and it wasn't long before you could lie in bed and take your pick of the courses on the air.

And those week-ends! It sounds silly now, but one of the boys in my class claimed to be the original "heli-hitch-hiker." He was older than the rest of us and had seen a little service as a paratrooper. He'd managed to hang on to most of his equipment and had a gal in New Jersey. Every week-end he'd be down at the terminal waiting for somebody to take off South. He usually found room and when he was over Trenton he'd say "thank you" and hit the silk. He'd come back the same way and I remember we used to make bets just when he'd come floating down on the campus late Sunday afternoon. Once he hitched a ride with a hunting party from his girl's home state and they had fortified themselves with "Jersey Lightning." Joe must have taken more than his share on the way up because he lit right in the middle of the lake and we had a tough time getting him out.

I repeat—that sounds kind of co-axy* nowadays but we thought it was funny at the time and I mention it just to emphasize the fact that, although we had to move fairly fast then, we could appreciate human failing even though science had given us errorless tools. We still got just as much fun out of going fishing, sailing and canoeing around the lakes even though we did

* Co-axy in '54 was the same as "corny" in '44. It was derived from a primitive kind of cable used in the early days of television.

fly down for the sport. We didn't give the Haines as much of a play as previous classes had because we had our own theater, but we made plenty of friends in town because there were other things to do there beside going to the movies—just the way there always were. The same front parlors took a beating as well as the ice-boxes, if you know what I mean. And I'm sure that all of us come back now for commencement to see our Waterville friends as well as to check up on the latest additions to the campus.

And I wouldn't be surprised to find that many of us miss staying at the Elmwood now that Colby's beautiful "Guest House" (House! It should be Hotel!) has been completed. But the Tavern is still there for the benefit of you people who haven't been able to make the trip for some years. As a matter of fact, Waterville hasn't changed much except to creep up to the hill. "Faculty row" is beginning to look a little shabby now. Remember when the "profs" were trampling over each other to get their stakes down out there? Be sure to drop by and see the Johnsons when you come. It took me a long time to catch up with Prexy-Emeritus. It wasn't until my last year that I found he was responsible for Mayflower Hill. Drop by and shake his hand. He did a terrific job. At least, if you'd been entering Colby in '54, you'd have thought so.

REUNION --- A REMINISCENCE

I HAD been forty years "out of college." In the stress of "getting a start in life," gaining a precarious foothold in living, and building the semblance of a career, years had gone uncounted. Time had spent itself in the relentless pursuit of an ever-receding goal. But, four decades form an impressive period in a man's life, and the impulse could not be resisted to be back at the Commencement Reunion of my Class, in the last stand, it then seemed, of the veterans of 189—.

During the previous spring, I had occasion to make a first visit to a certain western city, and in the cheerless hotel room on the morning after arrival, I found myself speculating on the possibility of turning up an acquaintance in that unfamiliar metropo-

lis. It occurred to me that one college-mate, who was a senior when I entered, had made his home in C— after graduation. Resorting to the telephone book, I found his name, and, calling his office, I was reassured by his answering voice, the unmistakable resonance, so familiar across the corridor at old "South College."

Reaching his office at the appointed hour of his invitation, I seated myself in the ample waiting-room till my host should be at liberty. Presently, his figure stood framed in the doorway—the same Jack Little, tall and lithe, with a characteristic sway, as he looked about for his caller. I saw him fix his eyes upon my whitened head, then, convinced that such antiquity could not be possible to the lad of eighteen

he had known, he quickly transferred his gaze to a brown-haired man opposite. Seeing no trace of the past there, he looked dubiously at me again. I waved my hand feebly, and he realized what forty years had done to youth. The theme of conversation at lunch at the University Club could be no other than the fate of the boys, now elderly at best, and of the girls, indeed, no younger.

A few weeks thereafter found me on the campus of the dear New England college of happy recollection. But the "boys" of 189— how altered every one, how pathetic with some, and the fiftieth anniversary remnant of 188— how tragic! Indeed, one feeble celebrant of the semi-centennial was led by the hand and placed directly opposite

to me at the Commencement dinner-table, blind and bent. His unseeing manipulation of the lobster (the inevitable dish) dismayed me. I left the table with the conviction that reunions are not altogether joyous.

Thereupon, as the diners dispersed, I heard my name called, and a lady presented herself with — "I am Margaret Ware." My response was a bit ungracious — "Look here, Madge Ware," said I, "when I was in college, you never so much as looked in my direction. You were observant of bigger game. Now, after forty years, you are seeking me out." She parried the graceless rejoinder, and went on to say that she had never married, had devoted her life to teaching, and latterly to the care of her mother. "I am alone, now," she avowed. I recalled to mind her gentle art of pleasing, and her easy triumph over her "rival," Dora Mills, in capturing Jack Little's undivided attention, in my day. I ventured to mention my having seen Jack that spring in the far-away city. She asked particularly after him.

The following season, I found myself once more in the West, and I looked up J. L. He had lost his wife during the year, and he was living in rooms at the Club, hardly more homelike than his quarters at 29 "South College," so many years before. I told him that Madge Ware had inquired for him at the Commencement. Then, as we parted, I charged him — "You write to Madge, she's alone now."

Hastening from the Commencement Dinner at the next visit to the college, to catch my train away, someone pursued me calling, "Miss Ware wants to see you." I turned back somewhat surprised that she should seek me out with such persistence a second time, but she disregarded my manner. "Have you seen Jack Little recently?" she asked quickly. "No," I replied, "not since two years ago." "Do you know," she confided, "he began writing to me, and wrote regularly, especially at Christmas Time. Last summer he was here, and called to see me. I happened to be at the back of the

house, hardly 'presentable' for receiving callers, but I hastened to the door just as I was. It was Jack, as handsome as ever!" Then her eyes dilated as she added almost under her breath — "Handsome." After an in-

stant, she confessed quietly — "Do you know, he hasn't written to me since. I am afraid he didn't like my looks."

My protest discounted her inference — "The years have been most kind to you, Margaret Ware."

WINS GUGGENHEIM AWARD



Prof. Carl J. Weber

THE award of one of the famed Guggenheim fellowships to Prof. Carl J. Weber of Colby's Department of English was announced at the foundation's New York headquarters on April 9. This will enable Prof. Weber to spend 12 months, beginning October 1944, on leave of absence from the college working on a research project connected with Thomas Hardy.

The Guggenheim fellowships were founded by John Simon Guggenheim, copper magnate, for the encouragement of literary and historical research. Inquiry fails to disclose any previous fellowship from this foundation awarded to a representative of a Maine college.

The fellowship was granted to Prof. Weber on the strength of his projected preparation of a book on Thomas Hardy and his first wife. "If these

were normal times," said Prof. Weber, "I would, of course, go to England where in London and Dorset I could best carry on my work. But since that is impossible I shall have to rest satisfied with what aids to my research I can find in the great libraries of Boston, New York and Washington. Once I have pinned down certain information that still eludes me, I can do the actual writing of the book anywhere."

In a sense this award recognizes the famed Thomas Hardy Collection in the Colby Library, for using the materials assembled here over the last fifteen years Prof. Weber began discovering and publishing new information about the great English poet and novelist, among which might be mentioned: Hardy's supposedly-lost first novel, his first short story, and the impressive spread of Hardy's writings in translation over the nations of the globe.

Furthermore, Prof. Weber was called upon to annotate various textbook editions of Hardy's novels. In 1939, a splendid gift of Hardy material from Carroll A. Wilson, New York attorney and bibliophile, provided the basis for a surprising body of new information which was published in a Colby Monograph, *Rebekah Owen and Thomas Hardy*. In 1940, the centennial year of Hardy's birth, appeared Prof. Weber's critical biography of the author, *Hardy of Wessex: His Life and Literary Career*, a book which won high praise from reviewers, critics and scholars.

Since the appearance of this volume, Prof. Weber explains, additional material has come in ever-increasing quantity to the Colby Library, calling, so he claims, for revision and correction. The Guggenheim award will make possible this fresh attack upon the problem.

"CLUKY" MATHEWS---SCIENTIST, TEACHER

By Charles W. Spencer, '90

ED MATHEWS entered Colby from the Portland High School in the autumn of 1887, thus becoming a member of the Class of 1891, which included figures like Frank Johnson and Norman Bassett, whose contributions to Colby's welfare are well known to this later generation. At some time during his college course he acquired the nickname "Cluky,"—no one now seems to know how or why: but in letters to special Colby friends, to the very last, he used it in signature. He followed his brother, Shailer, into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He participated variously in what are now called "extra-curricular activities." His share in the very first attempts at football at Colby was a broken ankle, the result of the untaught violence of a fellow-experimenter. Besides the damage to himself, this dashed Colby's expectations, reasonably founded on his track performances in High School, for a State record. Later, he did make good, though not record, time in dash and hurdle events, and won the New England championship in the half-mile. The Oracle records him as "second bass" in the "Colby Quartette," and as taking part in the Junior Prize Debate. And, for a while, he and I—probably mostly he—ran the College Book-store at 22 North College. But the most important feature of his college course was the fact that he fell under the spell of "Whiskers" Bayley, (Professor of Mineralogy and Geology—the whiskers were red). This happened to a number of others—(I, even I, took—and passed—a course in crystallography!). But, for Ed, this contact meant the beginning of his career.

He followed graduate study in geology at Johns Hopkins University, putting in summers as Field Assistant on the U. S. Geological Survey, 1891-94, being Fellow in 1893-4, and taking his degree in 1894. Of his doctor's examination, a traditionally terrifying ordeal, President Gilman, in decorous language, observed: "Mr. M. passed a capital examination. His knowledge is accurate and his mind works rapidly." Further light on the scene is

The Librarian-Emeritus of Colgate University in this sketch admirably supplements the obituary of Dr. Mathews published in the March issue.

shown by another who was present: "The examiner would hold up a specimen for him to recognize; he jumped at each one as a dog does at a bone—never hesitated, never made a mistake." Methinks old friends will easily recognize "Cluky" here.

He was immediately appointed Instructor in mineralogy and petrography, becoming Associate in 1895, and Associate Professor in 1899. Instructing graduate students calls for exacting endeavor. It has been said that research is encouraged by "showing that enthusiasm can be combined with precision." Succeeding to a part of the work of the lamented Professor G. H. Williams put him on his mettle, and in addition there was sharp stimulus in the presence in some of his classes of those who had been his fellow-students. He must have over-driven himself, for in the winter of 1898-99 he received direful warnings from physicians, and had to take "time off." But, always a good fighter, he was not

daunted and soon "came back" to continue the ascent up the academic ladder.

The professorship came in 1904, and the chairmanship of the Department of Geology thirteen years later, at which time he became also State Geologist of Maryland, having been Assistant Geologist since the organization in 1898. He had thus attained these important positions in the prime of life after a thorough apprenticeship. He was always intensely proud of this connection with "the Hopkins." It is recorded that he participated in the training of some two hundred graduate students in geology, nearly half of whom obtained Ph.D. degrees. His particular specialty in his field was concerned with "the geology and petrography of the metamorphic rocks of the Piedmont region of Maryland and Pennsylvania" involving the "interpretation of a complicated and highly metamorphosed terrain."

There were numerous activities collateral with his academic position. To take a few examples: he was, 1919-22, Chairman of the Division of Geology and Geography of the National Research Council. For the State of Maryland he was not only State Geologist but also a member of sundry boards and commissions, such as forestry, weather-service, water-resources, state development, the Maryland-Virginia boundary, etc. "Maryland has many things to thank him for." His professional publications are too numerous for listing in this space and cover a very wide range. (See Who's Who, National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Current vol. A; also a very complete appraisal in *Science*, March 17, 1944.) They indicate, among other things, his interest in the history, cartography and bibliography of Maryland; as witness his *History of the Mason-Dixon Line*, the *Bibliography and Cartography of Maryland*. Of his *Catalog of Published Bibliographies in Geology* it has been said: "If Mathews is given the latitude and longitude to the nearest fifteen minutes he can soon give one any analysis of record." The work of the Maryland Historical Society was enriched by his activity. Serv-



Dr. Edward B. Mathews, '91

ice as Treasurer of the Geological Society of America is significant as still further extending the boundaries of his interests. The Penrose bequest of nearly four million dollars for conservation and development was in his care, and this duty, successfully discharged, required devoted attention. He was more than once Vice-President of the International Congress of Geologists and made several trips abroad to attend the meetings.

There was one of his activities which, until very recently, was news to me: his interest in genealogy. A colleague in the G. S. A. has testified: "He has shown me his genealogy straight back to the god Odin. I myself am a cousin not, I think, on the Odin, but on the Cro-Magnon side!"

For myself, I like to think of him as belonging to a family devoted to the cause of education. His great-grandfather on the maternal side was Daniel Hascall, one of the principal founders of what is now Colgate University. We all know what Shailer Mathews was in services to Colby, on the spot, and in what his service to humanity has meant for Colby's fame. And it should not be forgotten that their sister, Grace, now Mrs. H. S. Philbrick, also served Colby on the spot as teacher and Dean of Women, at the turn of the century. Truly one of the great families in the Colby Family!

His connection with the Eutaw Place Baptist Church in Baltimore was nearly coincident with his whole career after leaving Colby. Deacon since 1910, he gave great variety of service — Sunday School, Young People's organizations and in church finance. The tribute from his fellows in the diaconate mentions, among other unforgettable traits, "the kindness of his nature and the loyalty of his friendship" — wholly in accord with our remembrance.

And so I think of him, first, as friend; meetings after 1900 were infrequent, but we always "picked up" from where previous encounters had left off. And then as scientist, teacher and scholar, making signal contribution to the lustre of Colby's crown. A full life, well lived all the way through. A "servant of the Lord," one of "the spirits and souls of the righteous," for whom we may "praise Him and magnify Him forever."

SONNETS BY A SOLDIER

By S-Sgt. R. Irvine Gammon, '37

PARTING IN WARTIME

*Still in our hearts stirs the sensual South,
Where young love laughed 'neath suns that never set
But sweeten summer's state 'til two forget
Winter's savage sighs and autumn's scarlet mouth;
Still, still we hold a heavenly loan in fee,
We who loved and laughed down the dream-dear years,
Till war spawned no parting of pretense or tears
To blot the scutcheon of love's eternity.*

*Splendor fades from the air, and now no more
The moon with silver strides moves up the sky,
Nor music lingers when sweet voices die,
And all who loved and laughed crowd death's dateless door —
Yet love, stark and sunless while lovers are gone,
Shall sleep through the night like the lambent dawn.*

SEMPER FIDELIS

*Let this remembered be our finest hour,
Though flaming armies clash and worlds collide
In hell-red wreck of idols deified,
And endless night seems murdered mankind's dower;
God grant that we who felt love's fairy power
And breathed the atmosphere of stars still trust
To close far furrows in the finite dust,
And drink deep old soul wines of shrine and flower.*

*Bright bride of beauty! In this terror time,
When fratricidal man forsakes his brother,
What hope but the heart's in its source sublime,
What faith but that we trust one another!
Till tribal war lords won to peace and prayer,
Forever will we love and life be fair.*

REUNION IN WARTIME

*Rejoice, my beloved, in our love's rare grace,
Which heaven restores ere estrangement starts
To drain distilled delight from out young hearts,
And mock all magic from the night's starved face;
Yea, bright-haired rebel, let us kiss and swell
Love's aching flood, suck dry the honied ruth,
Too long denied by tongues that poison truth,
But else fall dumb her snow-chaste soul to tell.*

*Hope of my heart! Foregoing false goodbyes,
We glimpse rainbow rifts through life's lowering cloud,
Wipe idle tears forever from our eyes,
And catch God's whisperings mid the madding crowd.
Hushed in holy union on our hearts we lay
Soul-sealed love that neither time nor men betray.*

FUND DRIVE HAS FULL SUPPORT

... Needs Our Help ...

The position I turned over to my successor would have been difficult enough under any circumstances but with developments of the past two years Dr. Bixler has had a tough job indeed. As we Colby people have come to know him we are sure that he will see it through and, when the war is over, will emerge as a great leader in the onward march of the College. He is stout-hearted and shows no signs of discouragement. But he needs our help, and I can think of no better way than for each of us to double our contribution to the Alumni Fund this year.

FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON, '91.

*President-Emeritus
Waterville, Maine*

... Facing an Obligation ...

If every graduate who received scholarship aid while he was at Colby would consider the sum a loan to be paid off by appropriate annual contributions to the Alumni Fund, the College would receive many times what it does now. I have never been able to see that that way of looking at scholarship aid is too scrupulous. And may I point out that the realistic facing of such an obligation calls for annual contributions of more than a dollar or two?

FREDERICK A. POTTLE, '17.

*Professor of English
Yale University*

... Opportunity to Enlist ...

The 1944 Alumni Fund provides an opportunity for the Alumni of Colby College to enlist in the service of their Alma Mater. The need for money is urgent, and if all Alumni will increase their contributions to the maximum the combined efforts of Alumnae and Alumni should establish a substantial means of meeting Colby's financial obligations.

ALONA NICHOLSON BEAN, '05.

*President, Alumnae Council
Wilmington, Massachusetts*

... Carry On ...

The challenge presented to us by participation in the Colby College Alumni Fund is one of the biggest opportunities of the moment. It is as important as buying war bonds and is equivalent

to the same, for the Alumni organization carries on for every one of us.

The Alumni Fund makes possible the tie with the campus that each of us needs. It is a sort of life-line that we can pull on at any time. I would hate to think that the life-line failed to hold because I failed to do my part.

This year my work has taken me to one of the out-islands of the Bahamas where I have sojourned for several months. The news of the Council activities, gleaned through the pages of the Colby *Alumnus*, has been stimulating. Carry on!

MARY DONALD DEANS, '10.

*Teacher
Eleuthera, Bahama Islands*

... We Are All in I-A ...

The satisfying growth of the Alumni Fund reflects the reaction of a satisfied Alumni,—not with itself, but with the performance of its College. The magnificent response of Alumni in service is a glorious witness to that satisfaction. The 1943 response from the general Alumni in larger amounts, and larger total than ever before achieved, is more evidence of that satisfaction.

The Alumni Fund has grown from a modest Christmas remembrance to a respectable asset in the College budget. Now, more than ever before, does the College look to this source of income, relying upon your generous response in time of real need. Our induction call has sounded. We are all in I-A. We need no further greeting from our President. Give now as never before. Your College is in need.

CYRIL M. JOLY, '16.

*Lawyer
Chairman, Alumni Council
Waterville, Maine*

... Difficult Situation ...

I regret that I find it necessary to point out that the College is in even greater need this year than last. The loss of our Army contract means a loss of approximately \$100,000 a year. We have less than sixty men students. The effect of our reduced registration is shown by the fact that the semester bills for the first semester this year were approximately \$50,000 less than for the corresponding semester last year.

The College is facing an extremely difficult financial situation. I am confident that Colby alumni will respond generously to the urgent needs of their College.

A. G. EUSTIS, '23.

*Treasurer
Colby College*

... More in '44 ...

In these days it is well for us to back Colby College to the limit and that has to do with the necessity for keeping alive and vigorous every good institution of learning which operates under private auspices. I am not one who is afraid that the Government is "going to take over education" for I believe that the Church, the Corporation, the Labor Union and the University will continue to be the bulwark of our free civilization. I do consider it essential however to have as many good private institutions as possible. Let the alumnus of every private institution take it upon himself to see that his Alma Mater receives annually from him gifts in proportion to his belief in a continuing and strengthened program of education under private auspices. Our motto for the 1944 Alumni Fund might well be "Give More in '44."

LEONARD W. MAYO, '22.

*Dean, School of Applied Social Sciences
Western Reserve University*

... You'll Find the Younger Men ...

Perhaps a more recent graduate can better appreciate the wide and good use to which our Alumni Fund is put. If so, I can certainly testify to the many benefits made possible only through the contributions of Colby's graduates to this fund. It would seem that a healthy balance resulting from this year's campaign would be the best form of "insurance" to aid our college in successfully spanning these lean and difficult years. I'm sure you shall find the younger men, wherever they are, digging deep into their khakis or Navy blues to help build up the 1944 Alumni Fund.

WILLIAM FINKELDEY, '43.

*Private, AUS
Camp Blanding, Florida*

ACTIVITIES ON MAYFLOWER HILL

Undergrad Banquet—The customary undergraduate women's banquet was held Monday evening, March 20. It was a formal party held in the dormitory dining rooms, with guests including Dr. and Mrs. Bixler, Miss Runnals, and women faculty members. After dinner in the Dunn Lounge, humorous talks were given by representatives of the different classes who were introduced as titles of "best sellers." The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Sumner Sewall, wife of the Governor of Maine, who stirringly discussed the position of women in the post-war world. Mrs. Ruth Yeaton McKee, '37, was the toastmistress.

* * *

Shamrock Inn—A St. Patrick's Day Cabaret was sponsored by the Student Christian Association. This gala event was held in the Women's Union with appropriate decorations. The Jive Bombers, a Waterville orchestra, supplied the music, and a floor show presenting the "Shamrockettes" was the highlight of the evening.

* * *

Victory—The Freshman basketball team defeated Higgins Academy in its very exciting last game. The score was tied three times in the last five minutes of the game, but Bob Nardozzi's jump shot gave Colby a two point margin.

* * *

Phi Beta Kappa—Constance Barbour, Mary Roberts, and Mildred Steenland are the three seniors of '44 who were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, Colby's highest academic honor.

* * *

Recital—Dr. Hugh Hodgson, famous pianist who is head of the Fine Arts Department of the University of Georgia, gave Colby a wonderful musi-

cal weekend. He played at an informal evening at President Bixler's home, participated in Dr. Comparetti's Music Appreciation Class, gave a full recital Friday evening, and at the all-college assembly, Saturday morning. Dr. Hodgson and Professor Cecil Rollins presented an interesting program combining music and poetry.

* * *

Tournaments—Spring has finally come to Colby (we hope) and tournaments are well under way again. This year the tournaments include basketball, ping-pong, shuffle board, deck tennis, paddle tennis, and bowling. Girls get W. A. A. credit toward their numerals, "C," or cup if they participate in these tournaments.

* * *

Journalist—Mrs. Elizabeth May Craig, political columnist and head of the Women's Press Bureau in Washington, D. C., spoke to a large group of students and townspeople on "Women in the Post-War World." She gave many personal items about different well-known people at Washington.

* * *

Teas—A new feature on the Hill is tea every Friday afternoon in the Smith Lounge. Each week two freshmen from each dormitory serve as hostesses, and an enjoyable hour is had by all who care to come around.

* * *

Tonic—The Alpha Delta Pi Sorority advertised their Saturday evening program for the air students and the Colbyites as a "Medical Clinic" where all could receive their spring tonic. This magic elixir contained dancing, singing, and skits.

Deputations—The S. C. A. recently sent out two deputation teams, one to Oakland and one to Portland. The first group consisted of a musical trio, and Professor H. L. Newman as speaker. The other deputation group went to the Central Square Baptist Church in Woodfords, Maine, where they furnished recreation on Saturday evening, and conducted a discussion for the Young People's Society on Sunday.

* * *

Symphony Orchestra—On Sunday evening, April 2, the Colby Community Orchestra held its final concert under Dr. Comparetti for the duration of the war, with Mozart's *Symphony in G Minor* as the outstanding selection. Appreciation of Dr. Comparetti was shown when he was presented with a fine fountain pen and a record album of the same symphony "to remind you of how we didn't play it."

* * *

Operas—One of the recent additions to Colby's curriculum is a discussion once a week on an opera. On April 1 at the home of Mrs. E. J. Colgan the talk was on the opera "Magic Flute." The participants listened to the opera over the radio and then discussed it.

* * *

Beauty Contest—The Sigma Kappas had their Open House date scheduled for April 1. The Dunn Lounge took the form of "Colby Island" and had the customary "board walk" and beach concessions. The highlight of this April Fool's Party was when the "beauty contestants" were chosen from among the air students. They joined in as good sports, and a certain young man, dressed as a hula dancer,



ALMOST DESERTED

was acclaimed "Miss Mayflower Hill" and won the prize — an issue of *Beauty Parade*.

* * *

Averill Lecturer — Prof. Theodore M. Greene, Professor of Philosophy at Princeton University, presented the students of Colby with a thought-provoking lecture on "The Importance of a Liberal Education Today." He also took part in a discussion group at Pres. Bixler's home, and on Sunday gave the sermon at the all-college chapel service. He was a fine man and the students enjoyed him and his thoughts immensely.

* * *

Dance — The Colby Men's Division held an informal dance in the USO house, the former DKE fraternity house, one Thursday evening, and danced to the music of a Vic. Refreshments were served and everyone enjoyed themselves.

BOSTON ALUMNAE PLAN SPRING TEA IN APRIL

THE Boston Colby alumnae plan to hold their spring tea and annual meeting on Saturday afternoon, April 29, promptly at three o'clock. Place, the Harvard Faculty Club, 20 Quincy St., Cambridge, near the Fogg Art Museum, which is suggested as the place to spend an hour or two before the meeting. After the business meeting, several recent alumnae will describe their war-time activities.

As our mailing list never catches up with many swiftly moving graduates, we hope everyone who hears of the meeting will plan to attend, with or without a personal notice.

— MARGUERITE CHAMBERLAIN, '15,
Secretary.

WATERVILLE ALUMNI HEAR COLBY ACE FLIER

A GROUP of local Colby alumni and Waterville townspeople heard Lt. Comdr. Hawley G. Russell, '38, tell of his war experiences at a meeting held in the USO Lounge (one-time Deke House) on March 29th.

"Monk," as the officer was invariably known to his college friends, told in a humorous and casual way some of the incidents which have befallen him as a Navy fighter pilot with five Japanese planes on his score.

He was in Bermuda with a carrier when Pearl Harbor day came and after some refitting for battle duty, they cruised in northern Atlantic waters and made port in England. Here they dropped off most of their planes and fliers and took on board 47 Spitfires. Then, they made the precarious run into the Mediterranean to within fighter range of the much-bombed island of Malta. Here the Spits took off and when the German bombers next came over Malta, expecting no fighter opposition, the RAF planes rose up and downed 147 Nazis. Once more the US carrier took a squadron of Spitfires to Malta and, incredibly, were not spotted by German or Italian planes.

Transferred into Pacific waters, Monk explained the circumstances that led to the sinking of the carrier *Wasp*, and told of his own five-hour "swim." This, and his more recent exploits as leader of a Hellcat fighter squadron operating in the Solomons have al-

ready been described in this magazine.

This opportunity of hearing at first hand some details of tactics and methods of warfare proved to be very engrossing to the audience. Kenneth J. Smith, '26, president of the local association, introduced the speaker and a collection was taken up for the Red Cross campaign.

AUGUSTA GROUP ELECTS

THE Southern Kennebec Colby Alumni Association met for their annual dinner meeting on March 16 and enjoyed hearing about college affairs from G. Cecil Goddard, '29, and President Bixler. New officers were elected as follows: President, Arthur A. Hebert, '21; Vice-President, George H. Hunt, '34; Sec'y-Treasurer, Lura Norcross Turner, '27; Executive Committee: Frank S. Carpenter, '14; Harriet Towle McCroary, '28; Robert L. Jacobs, '24.

The Rare Book Corner

TO booklovers, "Kelmscott" is a magic name. Between 1891 and 1896, fifty-three volumes were issued from the Kelmscott Press, England, under the guiding genius of William Morris. These books "influenced the art of printing as no man in modern times influenced it," but since every work was issued in a limited edition they have since become highly-prized collectors' items, seldom available for purchase and then often at prohibitive prices.

For these reasons, the Colby Library Associates had their eyes opened in exciting surprise at their meeting on March 17 when an exhibition of 21 Kelmscott volumes was spread out for their inspection and it was revealed that this rich collection ranks second only to Harvard's holdings (47 volumes) among New England colleges. (Other holdings: Brown, 13; Dartmouth, 10; Smith, 10; Wellesley, 10; Williams, 10; Yale, 6; Amherst, 2; etc.) That these were acquired over the past few years without any fantastic expenditures is attributable to the assiduous hunting of Prof. Carl J. Weber, Curator of Rare Books and Manuscripts, and of Librarian N. Orwin Rush. That any Colby student may now see and handle some of the

finest printing ever produced, is made possible in no small part by the funds available for such "special" purposes from Library Associates' fees.

The typical Kelmscott volume is parchment-bound, with heavy handmade paper. Not satisfied with any existing type, Morris designed and cut his own *Golden, Troy, and Chaucer* fonts which exhibit great legibility and grace. Many of the books have ornamental initial designs or borders. Some are printed in two colors. They are not "pretty" books, but convey a sense of forthright master-craftsmanship which carries an impression of quality and power.

The Kelmscott edition of *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer* is the most magnificent and is said to be "the finest production of any modern press." A copy sold at auction in New York a few months ago for \$975, but Colby's specimen was not acquired on any such scale. There are 87 woodcut illustrations by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is a large, imposing volume — great in every sense of the word. When Colby's Treasure Room is opened in the Miller Library, one would be hard put to it to find a volume more worthy of the place of honor than this Kelmscott *Chaucer*.



With the Colors



PROWLS PACIFIC, SINKS SHIP, GETS MEDAL

AWARDED the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy," Lt. Whitney Wright, '37, was mentioned in a dispatch from "Advanced South Pacific Air Base" on March 23.

While the whole story is evidently not available for publication, the decoration may be presumed to reward an engagement in which Lt. Wright's plane sank a heavily-gunned Japanese patrol vessel and nursed his plane home over a thousand mile stretch of Pacific water with one motor disabled.

As what the dispatch dubbed "an aerial cop," Lt. Wright is skipper of a Navy Liberator which patrols the far reaches of the South Pacific watching for enemy task forces, photographing evidences of special activity, or searching for lost American planes. They also make weather observations. Occasionally they sight an enemy ship and are prepared to deal with it as did Whit upon this occasion. They think nothing of a hunt extending over ten hours and the Guadalcanal beat takes them almost within sight of Truk.

These "snoop planes," officially called the Ocean Search Service, usually have a deadly monotonous assignment, but occasionally run into action. Once, for instance, they outsmarted the Japs on Greenwich Island, 710 miles north of Guadal. When they judged the day to be right, the plane flew over at 11 o'clock as it had been doing daily. This time five Rufes (float Zeros) hustled into the air and swarmed around the big plane without doing any damage. A few minutes later, however, a second American plane made an unheralded appearance and caught all five Rufes on the water and destroyed them like sitting ducks.

Whitney Wright entered the Navy about a year after graduation and took his training at Pensacola. He flew Atlantic patrol duty until Pearl Harbor and then went into the Pacific theater. For a long time he was skipper of big Coronado flying boats, and more recently of a long range Navy Liberator.



He married Louise Weeks, '38, daughter of Prof. Lester F. Weeks, '15, and Ethel Merriam Weeks, '14.

SPENDS LEAVE IN HARDY PILGRIMAGE

ARM life in England was not Hardy enough for Sgt. David C. Libbey, '38, so he utilized a leave to visit the stamping ground of Colby's literary patron saint and this fact, strangely enough, was picked by an Associated Press correspondent and on March 16th the following dispatch appeared in American papers:

LONDON, March 15 — (AP) — An American who loves the books of Thomas Hardy was the happiest G. I. in Britain the other day when he was asked to visit an English family who lived in the famous novelist's old home in the heart of what is called the "Hardy country." The trip was arranged by the hospitality bureau of the American Red Cross Washington Club in London and the lucky soldier was Sgt. David C. Libbey, of Newport avenue, Pittsfield, Maine.

Libbey is in the air force, in communications, but his life up to Army days was spent among books. He was a librarian at the New York City Public Library and assistant librarian at Washington College, Chesterton, Md.

After a year in camp and field he still prefers a good volume and a fireside and, visiting in Dorset, he was made to feel right at home. Whenever Mrs. W. J. Perham and her family (her husband is a colonel serving in the East) could tear Libbey from the well-stocked shelves of their own library, they took him to places where Hardy had lived and written.

"I spent a long weekend with these very pleasant people," said the American, "and my bedroom had been the great man's study. If his ghost ever wandered by night I should have seen it. A replica of this room is shown at the local museum.

"Among other places which we visited was the home of Judge Jeffrey's (the hanging judge) which is now a cheerful tea room. We spent some time in a museum filled with Roman antiquities and relics of early Briton. Then we visited Hardy's birthplace, a little thatched cottage where we had tea. At Stinsford Church we were shown his wife's grave in which his heart is also buried."

ORCHIDS TO THE 43rd!

GLOWING accounts of the 43rd Division, including the former National Guard outfit from Waterville which contains several Colby officers and men, were given to the press recently by Col. Paul A. Chase who has returned to this country for duty in Boston after 14 months in the South Pacific.

"The 43rd was in combat for 83 days," reported Col. Chase. "That's longer than any other outfit over there. It's the best damned division in the United States Army. The 43rd took the Russell Islands, Rendova, New Georgia, and other assorted real estate. And the 43rd captured the Munda airport, reports from the other services notwithstanding."

Col. Chase singled out Lt. Col. H. Chesterfield Marden, '21, as doing "a great job," continuing: "I can't begin to list all the names of the other New Englanders who are carrying on on the island. I can say, though, that you haven't heard the last of the 43rd. Its officers and men have the peculiar idea

that the war won't be won until we go out and fight, so that's exactly what they've been doing and intend to do."

Besides Lt. Col. Marden, '21, the following alumni (as far as can be judged from their addresses) are now attached to the 43rd Division: Maj. Philip L. Miller, '29; Capt. Robert E. Anderson, '42; Sgt. Oliver C. Mellen, '36; Sgt. James L. McMahon, '44; Pvt. Charles D. Keef, '39; and Pvt. Harold S. Joseph, '44. Col. Spaulding Bisbee, '13, went overseas with his regiment in this division, but is now in California. Maj. William Mansfield, well known to many Colby men as the Winslow High School coach, also saw service with this outfit.

ARMY JOURNALISM

WRITING one of the SCA Service Letters about a year ago, the Editor appended a postscript to the effect that he was a collector of unusual newspapers and would be interested in seeing samples of service papers from training camps and abroad. The result has been a steady trickle of newspapers from all parts of the globe which have piled up into a collection of about fifty different kinds, some with a number of copies of each.

Most interesting from the collector's viewpoint, perhaps, are those published for the armed forces overseas. There are several issues of the *C-B-I Round-up*, published in Delhi for the China, Burma, India theater of war, and made famous when the peppery column written exclusively for it by Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce (honorary Litt.D., Colby, 1941) was suppressed by the War Department as being "political," and one of the issues received here happens to be the one announcing this action. It was sent in by Lt. Ritz Searle, '40.

Two other rare items were sent by Lt. Gabriel O. Dumont, '40: the *Eighth Army News*, published in Sicily, and the *Tripoli Times*. It is interesting to note the differences in interests, idioms and attitudes in these British army papers, compared with the American papers.

Samples of three editions of *The Stars and Stripes* have been received: the African (two francs), from Cpl. Eddie Sarantides, '43; the Middle East (four cents), from Cpl. Clarence E. Hale, '26; and the English (one penny), from Sgt. David C. Libbey,

DON'T BOTHER

ME NOW, SARGE

Colby GI's should be careful how they get absorbed in this magazine. Pvt. Harold Joseph, '44, writes from the South Pacific that he was happily reading a COLBY ALUMNUS borrowed from his top-kick, Sgt. Oliver ("Andy") Mellen, '36, when he gradually became conscious of a disturbance which proved to be his own buck sergeant hollering: "I'm going to keep yelling 'Fall in!' right into your ear until either I bust my lung or break your eardrum!" Hal was just remembering how we had torn down the Bowdoin goal posts three years ago, but he sighed and fell in.

'38. Hale and Libbey also sent copies of the Army magazine *Yank*, printed in Jerusalem and London, respectively.

A copy of *The White Falcon* was mailed by Sgt. Howard Williams, '39, when he was stationed in Iceland, but a careful study of the eight tabloid-size pages fails to reveal any mention of Iceland whatsoever. The same is true of a paper called *The Defender*, which could be from Hawaii.

Quite a unique sheet is *The Jungle Leer*, "the only newspaper within 2,249 miles," printed aboard a transport out in the Pacific and sent by Lt. Gene McAlary, '35.

Some fellows in the Southwest Pacific wrote that they were not allowed to send home local civilian papers, but from the other direction have been received the *Sunday Hindustan Standard* (date line: "Calcutta—August 4, 1943, Sharaban 15, 1350, B.S." Anybody explain that?), *The London Daily Mail* (four pages!), *London Daily Herald*, the *Belfast Telegraph* (front page all classified advertising), *The Sun*, Nassau, Bahamas, and the *Mid-Ocean News*, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Back from overseas also have come "pony" editions of *Time* and *Newsweek*, reduced to 6 by 8 inches and identical with the regular editions except that the pages have been rearranged to eliminate all advertising. These, it is understood, are flown to the U. S. armed forces overseas.

The papers from training centers in this country represent about every size, kind and printing process, including

mimeograph, multi-color lithograph, slick paper, and regular full-sized or tabloid newsprint jobs. Among them is our own *Sky Hook* published by Colby's 21st CTD. Some of the posts represented are Fort Collins, Fort Brady, Morris Field, Terminal Island, Selman Field, Reno AAB, Montgomery Area, Camp Stewart, Eglin Field, El Centro USMCAS, Fitzsimmons Hospital, Peterson Field, San Diego Area (Marines), Miami Area, Camp Campbell, Bainbridge Field, Las Vegas, Fort MacArthur, Daniel Field, Will Rogers Field, Williams College Naval Unit, 12th Armored Division, Houlton Air Base, Brooks Field, Fairfield - Suisun AAF, and Westover Field.

The Editor wishes to thank all those who took the trouble to send in these most interesting examples of wartime journalism and invites you all to come in and look over the collection whenever you come back to the campus.

SERVICE PERSONALS

2nd Lt. Burton D. Currier, '44, received his wings as a Marine fighter pilot on Jan. 30 at Pensacola, and is now at Cecil Field, Jacksonville, address: VSB 4, Flt 168.

Lt. A. V. ("Tony") Bolduc, '41, is S-4 for an anti-aircraft outfit which made one of the recent invasions in the New Guinea area, assigned to a Marine Task Force. They landed from LST's and he says that the Japs had been there for two years but hadn't improved the place much. Tony says that he has spent enough hours in foxholes to qualify as a veteran. His battery's score is five enemy planes.

A-C Henry V. Rokicki, '44, has moved to Williams Field, Chandler, Ariz., for advanced training. Recently he bumped into 2nd Lt. Richard Hayward, '43, in Tuscon. Dick introduced his B-24 crew to Rocky and they said that Dick is a great skipper. They had a good time talking over football and hockey days.

Ens. Oren Shiro, '42, admits that he is getting fat down there in the South Pacific. His ship knocked down a Jap plane, he writes, in about five minutes that seemed like an hour.

Cad. Timothy C. Osborne, '44, has transferred to Pensacola for intermediate flight training.

Pfc. J. Milton Stilwell, '43, writes from Quantico that he was feeling kind of homesick one night and within

a few hours came across three Colby men who he didn't know were there: Pfc. John P. Turner, '44, Pfc. George H. ("Bud") McKay, '44, and (surprise!) Pfc. Dominick M. Puiia, '44, who had just returned from Iceland.

Pfc. Edward H. Miselis, '45, has been with the Air Corps since his induction last April and was overseas for a while and now is stationed in the Miami area: Hq and Hq Sec, 92nd Service Grp., APO 695, c-o PM, Miami.

Pvt. Albert I. Ellis, '44, is back at Fort Bragg, N. C., after divisional maneuvers in Tennessee for two and a half months.

Edward C. Carey, '46, SM-3C, is with an armed guard outfit and says that he finds Colby SCA letters or the *Alumnus* waiting for him after every trip. He looks forward to the time when the only victory Colby men will be fighting for will be against Bowdoin, Bates and Maine.

S-Sgt. Harry Hildebrandt, '43, is attached to the 21st Training Group, Squad C, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., but expects to revert back to weather forecasting whenever he arrives "somewhere."

Capt. Edson H. Cooper, '31, writes from England, where he is with the finance division. He hopes to have a chance to look up his classmate, Elizabeth Walker.

Pfc. Robert M. Wasserman, '46, had a three days' leave in London a few weeks ago and got into conversation with a man who turned out to be a Sir Robert Young, member of Parliament from Scotland, who was most gracious in showing Bob around and giving him a pass to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons. Bob is with a medical detachment.

Maj. Harvey D. Eaton, Jr., '16, has been transferred from the Military School of Instruction at Ft. Belvoir to the Selective Service Headquarters in Washington.

Lt. Arthur T. Eaton, '45, was recently transferred from Fort Jackson, S. C., to Camp Barkeley, Texas, where he is taking advanced training in first aid.

Sgt. Fred E. Rogers, '45, is now at the Bayshore Staging Area, San Francisco. He is in the medical detachment with a mobile Quartermaster's battalion.



Taking time off from his battle against malarial mosquitoes, Cpl. Edward Sarantides, '43, relaxes against a North African palm to peruse his favorite magazine (guess what).

S-Sgt. Raymond D. Stinchfield, '36, former instructor in gunnery at various Army air fields, is now ball gunner on a Fortress operating out of England.

Kenneth Morton, '45, AS, and Francis B. Ward, '45, AS, have duty about as close to Colby as anyone, being attached to the Naval Section Base at Portland, but they write that they welcome the Colby letters none the less. In April they were scheduled to go to Wellesley for four months at the Naval Supply School there. (So Wellesley has gone co-ed, huh?)

Lt. John E. Geagan, '42, skipper of a B-17, is training his crew at Ardmore, Okla.

Pvt. Christie C. Adams, '45, is stationed somewhere in the South West Pacific.

S-Sgt. Ray F. Kozen, '42, recently upped his rating and moved with the whole wing headquarters from Presque Isle, Me., to Grenier Field, N. H., Adm Unit, Sta 1, (Hq) NAW ATC.

The two Atwater boys are in air crew training. A-S James Atwater, '44, is nearing the end of his CTD training at University of Arkansas, while A-S Shipley Atwater, '45, has been sent to the classification center at Santa Ana, Calif. (Sqdn 15, Flt C).

Hubert E. Smith, '46, Ph M 3-C, is

with a malarial control unit somewhere in the South Pacific.

2nd Lt. Frank S. Quincy, '43, was commissioned on March 18, with navigator's wings. He called at the college during a furlough before going to Alexandria, La., to pick up a Fortress and crew.

Capt. W. M. McAllister, '26, is assistant G-2 in a Corps Headquarters in England, the type of work he has been in for two years. Mac's sister is an Army nurse in England and they have been able to get together frequently. He hopes to be able to look up his classmate, Clarence E. Hale, '26, who is in the country somewhere.

Pfc. Paul F. Murray, '43, is with a Leatherneck combat unit completing its training at Camp Pendleton, Ocean-side, Calif. He plays in the division band and has a sharpshooter's medal.

Sgt. Donald G. Leach, '44, recently won his third stripe in Ireland where he is chief personnel clerk for an Air Force squadron.

Cpl. Philip M. Caminiti, '44, is assistant athletic director at Camp Sibert, Ala. He ran off a boxing show and among those who helped out on the refereeing were Joe Louis, Al Blozis and other sports luminaries.

Lt. Louis Sacks, '39, who got gypped out of a European trip in the fall of 1939, when the war broke out just a week before he was planning to sail as foreign exchange student, has at last gotten as far as England and may get to France yet. He is in the Civil Affairs Center, learning to become an administrator of occupied territories, and finds the work very absorbing.

Cpl. Francis R. Altieri, '33, with a bombardment squadron in England, writes that his son is growing at a rate which makes him potential Colby football material about 18 years hence.

2nd Lt. John M. Lomac, '43, USMC, has shoved off across the blue Pacific. The El Centro post paper, *Desert Diggings*, carried a picture showing Johnny in the basketball team which, it said, was "unbeaten until they hit San Diego."

Ens. Ben Harding, '42, is waiting at the Armed Guard Center, Brooklyn, for assignment. While in Norfolk he had a 15 minute chat with Ens. Laurie L. Harris, Jr., '42, who "certainly appeared to be in the best of health."

Pvt. James Lunden, '46, formerly at Fort Ethan Allen, is now at Camp Livingston, La., Co E, 342nd Inf.

A-C Norman Epstein, '46, is taking advanced navigation at Ellington Field, Texas, PO Box 1424.

1st Lt. Evan J. MacIlraith, '43, was pulled back from the Cassino front and hospitalized with yellow jaundice and threatened with stomach ulcers. He is now better, but reclassified and has been given the job of manager of two hotels in Italy. (So take a look at the manager, you fellows who go into a GI hotel; it may be Mac.)

George A. Sederquist, '46, S 2-C (RM), is on Pacific waters, address: Navy 134, FPO, San Francisco.

A-C Leo Franklin, Jr., '43, is at Yale University, Sq I, Class 30-44, Sect 49, Rm 2600, Army Air Forces Technical School.

Jacob Kramer, '46, QM 3-C, is with the amphibious forces on a LST boat and has left these shores.

Cpl. Wilbur F. McIntyre, '46, is with a bombardment squadron in the South Pacific area.

Lt. (jg) E. M. Tower, Jr., '40, is at sea in Atlantic waters.

Pfc. Patterson Small, '44, is in New Guinea with a Cavalry service troop.

Sgt. Edward P. Cleveland, '39, is holding down some unnamed island in the South Pacific with about a dozen other Marines and operating a radar unit. He left Oahu last January.

Mids. George D. Godfrey, '43, is at Midshipman's School, Furnald 532, New York City 27.

1st Lt. David Brodie, '42, is attached to the Office of Strategic Services in Italy. His war travels have taken him already to Capetown, South Africa, and Cairo, Egypt.

Capt. Murray B. Miller, '29, has just finished a second course in plastic surgery in England. Previous study had been done in this field at Harvard.

Ens. Robert S. Rice, '42, has set sail on the Pacific, and Ens. Charles W. Nightingale, '42, who served as Bob's best man, left on a carrier in January. Both are pilots.

Lt. Harold D. Seaman, '42, has had a most interesting assignment as Aide-de-Camp to Maj. Gen. Dahlquist of the 70th Division. Hal says that it is the most instructive job a young officer can get and provides a general picture of all the arms and services. He was promoted to First last September and now is at the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Robert L. Jacobs, Jr., '46, S 2-C, is recovering very satisfactorily from an

COLBY TEXANS MEET

Lt. Col. Leslie H. Wyman, '26, was host to five Colby officers stationed at Camp Barkeley, Texas, on March 25th. A pleasant evening of fellowship and exchange of Colby reminiscences was enjoyed by all present. The following attended: Lt. Winthrop E. Jackson, '37; Lt. Ernest C. Marriner, Jr., '40; Lt. Gordon O. Merrill, '41; Lt. Weston MacRae, '42; and Lt. Arthur Eaton, '45. Capt. Samuel Pennell, '22, was unable to come.

attack of rheumatic fever at the Great Lakes NTS.

Lt. E. Robert Bruce, '40, is a paratrooper, Co T, 1st Prcht Regt, Fort Benning, Ga. He has finished training and is about ready for overseas. Before leaving Camp Fannin, his regiment had a new Chaplain: Lt. Everett A. Rockwell, '20. "It was a pleasant meeting," Bob writes.

Edward J. McCarthy, '36, S 2-C, is training at the US Naval Construction Training Center at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

Lt. Francis W. Juggins, '31, wants to be added to the list of "Texans." He is attached to the Main Station at Corpus Christi as Assistant Personnel Officer, and would be glad to contact any other Colby fellows.

Lt. Wendell C. Brooks, Jr., '42, Marine pilot, underwent the traditional rites of initiation as a "shellback" when they crossed the Equator. "Just like fraternity initiations," he wrote.

2nd Lt. William E. Frazier, Jr., '44, was commissioned on March 18 at the Carlsbad (N. M.) Army Air Field. He wears a bombardier's wings, but has also completed instruction in navigation and aerial gunnery.

Pvt. Phillips B. Pierce, '45, one of the ex-ASTP boys at Alabama Poly, is now at Fort Jackson, S. C., Co A, 101st Inf, APO 26.

Cpl. Edward F. Loring, '42, former Russian scholar at Indiana University, is now in Co B, 32nd Signal Training Battalion, Camp Crowder, Mo.

Pvt. Clarence R. Fernald, '40, has gone overseas with a general hospital unit, APO 519, N. Y.

Cpl. William H. Graham, Jr., '45, reports his new address as Co B, 226th Training Battalion, 69th Regt, Camp Blanding, Fla.

A-C Philip H. Watson, '44, is taking advanced flight training at Aloe Field, Victoria, Texas, with hopes of getting his wings about the middle of April.

Lt. Maurice Schwarz, '38, is flight control officer for a bombardment group based in Italy. In that country he met Capt. Lewis H. Kleinholz, '30, (also biology instructor for a time at Colby) who is Aviation Psychologist for the 15th Air Force and doing very well, according to Maurice.

Lt. Andrew Bedo, '43, sends word from the Anzio beachhead that they are ducking shells from all directions, but can dish it out as well as take it.

Ens. John E. Gilmore, '40, was commissioned on March 29 at the US Coast Guard Academy and expects to be assigned to a cutter operating out of the Boston area.

Lt. John T. Foster, '41, is instructor in the Maintenance Engineering division of the AAF Technical Training Corps at Yale. He and his wife and baby are living at 15 Thomas St., New Haven.

Ens. Ralph O. Peabody, '35, is killing time with the Acorn Training Detachment, Fort Hueneme, Calif. He has been assigned to a "Gro-pac" unit, which means going into a newly captured harbor and fixing it up for efficient use. He says that he rated pretty low in the sea-sickness test so thinks that he will have to ride to Tokyo by rail. His wife and kids are in Auburn, Me. Ralph is wondering how two old men like Millet and Loeb can carry on at the college.

Maj. Emmons B. Farrar, '14, writes from England that he'll take Maine snow and sub-zero weather anytime over the continuous fog and dampness that is typical winter weather over there.

Robert W. Sparkes, '36, C Sp, arrived at New Caledonia on March 22nd. He has the sincere sympathy of all his friends on the loss of his brother, Bill, in action.

Pvt. George F. MacPhelimy, '46, writes from overseas that it was warm enough to play a little football in March. That doesn't sound like England. Maybe Italy? He is with a bomber group.

Ens. Dwight K. Beal, '41, has been in the Naval Air Corps since 1941. He instructed in Jax for a while and then at Dallas for a year and a half. At present Red is at Miami undergoing operational training in torpedo

bombers and soon expects to go to the Pacific coast to pick up a carrier.

Ens. Machaon E. Stevens, '39, and Lt. (jg) William C. Carter, '38, after several near-misses, finally got together on a South Pacific isle for a good Zete reunion.

Pfc. Thomas W. Farnsworth, Jr., '43, sends in a picture of himself in front of the Taj Mahal, the beautiful dome of which looks like a thistle, apparently being covered by a maze of scaffolding. Whether this is for protection, repair or camouflage is anybody's guess.

S-Sgt. Frank L. Jewell, '40, is overseas (c/o NY Postmaster) as a Classification Specialist. He says that he will probably be "a swivel-chair soldier even though I may have to put my chair in a fox hole." While at Seymour Johnson Field a few weeks ago he saw Sgt. Tom Vose, '40, and Cpl. Herbert D. Stearns, '41.

Lt. Charles H. Card, '40, is somewhere overseas with an engineering outfit.

Lt. (jg) George Holbrook, '36, has been seeing the world. After a year in Iceland, he is now on duty in the South Pacific.

John W. Lord, '45, Y 2-C, is aboard ship in Pacific waters.

S-Sgt. Arthur R. Austin, '33, is with a headquarters and service company in an engineering battalion, overseas.

Cpl. Richard A. Field, '43, has the least military address of any soldier we know: Two Rock Ranch, Petaluma, Calif. (Just duding it for a while, Dick?)

Pfc. Milton W. Hamilt, '42, another victim of ASTP liquidation, finds himself in the 78th Division at Camp Pickett, Va., along with Pfc. Harry L. Levin, '44, and Pfc. Eliot B. ("Huck") Kraft, '43. Milt's address is: Medical Detachment, 309th Inf, APO 78, Camp Pickett.

Jean Pearson Burr, '41, SPAR, stood 5th in her class at Storekeepers School. She is living at 7 Winter St., Plymouth, Mass.

Mary L. Buss, '34, American Red Cross Social Worker, has arrived in Australia for duty with the armed forces. Until her ARC appointment, Miss Buss was with the Children's Division of the Rhode Island Department of Social Welfare.

Lt. William H. Hughes, '41, USMC, has been seeing action in the Pacific theater, but, he writes, "with no ill



THE COLBY CLUB OF AUBURN, ALABAMA

Just before their ASTP unit disbanded, the above boys at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., lined up as follows: (front row) Floyd E. Harding, '43; Harold Friedman, '45; Bernard R. Dutille, '46; Sydney Parris, '45; (back) Robert Singer, '45; Robert Lucy, '45; Richard J. Marcyes, '45; John W. McCullum, '45. Absent from picture: Stanley H. Levine, '44. Phillips B. Pierce, '45, had already left.

effects, except to the Japs." Bill is with a mortar battery, to judge from his address.

Cpl. Edward Sarantides, '43, is bossing a gang of 75 prisoners in a swamp drainage project in Africa, hoping to foil the Anophelines (skeets, to you) who are about to go around laying eggs which will breed the malaria carriers. Ed at last made connections with Cpl. Howard A. Miller, '41, and they had some good Colby talk. He reveals that Edward Principe, '44, is with a fighter squadron in Corsica.

Lt. Howard F. Rowell, '43, has been in England since last October and is flying a P-51 in the Ninth Air Force.

Robert M. Perry, '45, QM 3-C, is at sea with a Coast Guard ship.

Alta Gray, '41, S 2-C, WAVE, has finished her course at the Link Trainer School at Atlanta, Ga., and is now assigned to duty at Pensacola.

Capt. Saul Millstein, '42, has returned to this country after a year as a Marine dive-bomber pilot which included action at Guadalcanal, the Russell Islands, Munda, Bourgainville, and Empress Bay. "In spite of all the

muck and slime," he writes, "none of us who came back would trade it for love or money." After a leave at home, he is now on duty at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., and is now taking training as a landing signal officer on a carrier.

A-S Robert M. Gray, '43, has been with an AAF college training detachment at Eastern Oregon College, La Grande, Ore., but (like Colby's unit) this will be liquidated in the near future.

T-5 Robert C. Ryan, '41, is with a division finance section overseas, probably in England.

Dana I. Robinson, '45, A-S, has been transferred from the Bates V-12 unit to Bks 30, Co V, Camp McDonough, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Pfc. Robert Bedig, '46, is serving with an engineers construction battalion in England, having been there since October.

Sgt. Lewis E. Weeks, '42, is overseas (APO NY) with a medical depot company.

T-5 Roger B. Tilley, '37, is in a truck outfit, QM, overseas.

Maj. Frederick K. Poulin, '37, is

medical officer with the 12th Army Air Force, which is mentioned frequently in communiques.

Sgt. John MacLeish, '41, is now at the 438th Sub Depot, Santa Maria, Calif.

Sgt. James F. Kavanaugh, '42, is overseas Pacific with an aerial mapping outfit, while his brother, Pvt. Leo F. Kavanaugh, Jr., '43, is at Camp Grant, Ill. (29th MTB, 1643 SU.)

Three Parsons boys are in service. Ens. Donald A. Parsons, '42, is exec officer on a LCI in South Pacific waters. Pfc. Richard E. Parsons, '45, is somewhere in the same area in a Marine replacement outfit. The third brother, Arthur A. Parsons, '46, S 2-C, is training to be a radio technician at the Bliss Electrical School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Pvt. Philip E. Peterson, '46, formerly at Louisiana U, is back in the infantry: Co G, 393rd Reg, 99th Div, APO 449, Camp Maxey, Texas.

ADDITIONS TO SERVICE ROSTER

(Names are added here only when a service blank has been filled out and returned, including a mailing address. Numerous others are known by hearsay to be in service, but have not yet informed the college of their whereabouts.)

1929

Savage, Eugene T. Lt (jg) USNR

1932

Yellen, Rueben A. Lt USA AAF

1934

Buss, Mary L. ARC
Flynt, Willard C. Ens USNR

1938

Danforth, Carroll F. Maj USA

1941

Burr, Jean Pearson SPAR USCG

1942

Dyar, Richard R. A-S USNR
Tower, Elmer L. Jr. Lt (jg) USNR

1943

Kavanaugh, Leo F. Jr. Pvt USA

1944

Barnes, Lowell E. A-S USNR

Currier, Burton D. Lt USA MCR
MacLeod, Norman D. Jr. Sgt USA

1945

Ambrosia, Ronald V. Pvt USA
Bailey, Owen W. M USNR

1946

Donahue, Robert N. Pvt USA
Kelly, D. Robert FC3-C USNR
Risser, Elden F. Pvt USA
Rogers, Fred E. Sgt USA

1947

Briggs, Kerry S. Pvt USA
Finkelstein, Jason D. Pvt USA
Levek, Arthur W. Pvt USA
Rogers, Richard H. Pvt USA

PROMOTIONS

To Lieutenant Colonel, Albert R. Rogers, '17, USA, Fort Devens, Mass.

To Major, Edward J. Gurney, '30, USA, North Camp Polk, La.

To Major, Elmer C. Warren, faculty, Atlantic City, N. J.

To First Lieutenant, Charles E. Barnfather, '41, USA, overseas.

To First Lieutenant, William E. Pierce, '44, USA, India.

To First Lieutenant, Harold D. Seaman, '42, USA, Camp Adair, Oregon.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), Charles A. Lord, '42, USNR, overseas.

To Second Lieutenant, Lawrence Berry, '41, USA, Asheville, N. C.

To Second Lieutenant, Harland S. Thompson, '45, USA.

To Ensign, Ralph P. Pallin, '45, USNR, Fort Pierce, Florida.

To Midshipman, Douglas N. Smith, '45, USNR, Boston, Mass.

To Staff Sergeant, Russell E. Butler, '29, USA, Camp Banning, Calif.

To Staff Sergeant, Frank L. Jewell, '40, USA, overseas.

To Staff Sergeant, Clarence R. Reid, '42, USA, overseas.

To Sergeant, James F. Kavanaugh, '42, USA, overseas.

To Sergeant, John MacLeish, '41, USA, Santa Ana, Calif.

To Sergeant, Thomas S. Vose, '39, USA, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

To SSML3C, Edward M. Hooper, '38, overseas.

To Pharmacist Mate (third class), Hubert E. Smith, '46, USNR, overseas.

To Technician (fifth grade), Roger B. Tilley, '37, USA, overseas.

To Corporal, Francis R. Altieri, '33, USA, overseas.

To Corporal, William F. Graham, '45, USA, Camp Blanding, Fla.

To Corporal, Wilbur F. McIntyre, '46, USA, overseas.

To Corporal, Joseph S. Strup, '45, USA, Miami Beach, Fla.

To Seaman 1-C, Charles L. Main, '43, USCG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Seaman 2-C, Edward J. McCarthy, '36, USNR, Camp Peary, Va.

To Seaman 2-C, Louis M. Deraney, '43, USNR, Sampson, N. Y.

To Air Cadet, John R. McDonald, '46, USA, AAF, Sherman, Texas.

OVERSEAS OR ON SEA DUTY

(Note: In this group we list those whose addresses are given in care of postmasters at New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco, and so are presumed to have left this continent for active service.)

Capt. Donald G. Jacobs, '20, USCG
Capt. Albert A. Snow, '23, USA

PFC Robert A. Peterson, '29, USA
Capt. Edson H. Cooper, '31, USA

Mary L. Buss, '34, ARC
Lt. Martin I. Burns, '36, USA

Ens. Harold W. Hickey, '36, USCG
Robert W. Sparkes, C.Sp., '36, USCG

Lt. (jg) Norman W. Beals, '37, USNR

Maj. Carroll F. Danforth, '38, USA
SSML 3-C Edward M. Hooper, '38, USNR

Lt. Maurice C. Schwarz, '38, USA
Pvt. Stanley Schreider, '39, USA

Sgt. Raymond D. Stinchfield, '39, USA

S-Sgt. Frank L. Jewell, '40, USA
Lt. Charles E. Barnfather, '41, USA

Sgt. George L. Beach, '41, USA
Sgt. John C. Eaton, '41, USA

Pvt. Maurice Rimp, '41, USA
Lt. (jg) Elmer M. Tower, Jr., '42, USNR

Ens. Franklyn A. Ervin, '43, USNR
Lt. George H. Jahn, '43, USNR

Lt. Howard F. Rowell, '43, USA
Ralph M. Sawyer, '43, S 2-C, USNR

Sgt. Norman D. MacLeod, Jr., '44, USA

Pvt. Christie C. Adams, '45, USA
Pvt. David A. Choate, '45, USA

Pvt. Nathanael Lenson, '45, USA
S 1-C Robert M. Perry, '45, USCGR

PFC Robert E. Bessey, '46, USA
Pvt. Francis Heppner, '46, USA

D. Robert Kelly, '46, FC 3-C, USNR
Charles Kramer, '46, QM 3-C, USNR

George A. Sederquist, '46, S 2-CRM, USNR

Hubert E. Smith, '46, PhM 3-C, USNR

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1879

William W. Mayo received birthday greetings from many of his relatives and friends on April 12th, his 89th anniversary. He and Mrs. Mayo are spending the winter with his oldest daughter in Rhinelander, Wisc.

1886

Albert M. Richardson retired from the Portland, Maine, Y. M. C. A. October 15, 1942, after almost twenty years of service beyond retirement age. He went into the office of Harmon & Newcomb, Fashion Clothes, in Portland in April, 1943, to assist in the duties previously performed by a member of the firm now in the armed service.

1889

E. L. Sampson continues fulfilling his duties as an indispensable citizen of Jefferson, Maine. Occasionally as pulpit supply, regular teacher of a "good-sized" men's class in Sunday School, and for many years treasurer of the church. Recently, he was elected by a large majority Town Clerk for the fifteenth consecutive year.

H. B. Woods, having retired to his native town, Calais, after a wide range of service in the ministry, devotes himself to civic duties, of which raising the town's quota for the Red Cross has recently been his chief concern.

1895

Lila Harden Hersey is still at The Oaks, Pembroke, Maine, enjoying the "simple country life."

Blanche Lane in Wakefield, Mass., is having to take life rather leisurely these days.

Annie Waite is at the library in West Boylston, Mass. She says "more people are reading than ever before."

Emma Fountain is basking in the sunshine at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Linda Graves is busy with church work, club work, teaching sewing with the 4-H girls, and substituting in the High School.

1907

Grace Stetson Grant is now teaching in Parsonfield Seminary, Kezar Falls, Maine.

Rose Beverage Lane lives at 1096 Bay Street, Fall River, Mass. Her older daughter, Marian, is married to a man in the service, has two sons and now lives in San Francisco. The younger daughter, Rhoda, is married, has a son and lives in Fall River. Her son, Willis, is in the Merchant Marines.

Bertha Robinson Wheeler lives in Phillips, Maine. "For the duration" she is working in a local bank, taking the place of a young man in the service. Her mother, about 86, is still living.

1910

Merle Crowell is author of an article in the March issue of *Rotarian* on Robert G. LeTourneau, the remarkable personality who made a fortune on earth moving machines and has put most of it into a philanthropic foundation, to spread the gospel of "practical Christianity" over all the world.

PEPPER, '89, HAS UNEXPECTED VISITOR

BROOKLINE, Mass., April 6 (U.P.)—Charles Hovey Pepper, 79, a portrait painter, surprised an intruder in his home early today and engaged him in conversation until police arrived.

Wakened by his invalid wife, who heard a noise downstairs, the artist tiptoed to the first floor. In the living room he found a stranger dozing on a divan.

"Tired?" Mr. Pepper asked.

"Yeah," the man replied.

"How did you get in?"

"I really couldn't say."

"Was it through the bulkhead?"

The stranger could not recall.

Mr. Pepper asked the man's name. The stranger gave it and then asked the name of his "host." "Been drinking?" the artist asked.

"Let's see. I've been drinking for thirty-four hours."

Meanwhile a maid had called police, who took the intruder away with them.

1919

Myra Dolley was recently appointed dean of girls at Deering High School, Portland, Maine. Miss Dolley has taught French at Deering High School since she graduated from Colby. She has served two terms as Alumnae Trustee, and was active in the local Colby Association.

Gordon E. Gates is a member of the faculty at Ewing College, Allahabad, India.

Phyllis Sturdivant Sweetser was re-elected to the Cumberland School Committee and is serving as chairman of the board for the third year.

1922

Charles H. Gale has been transferred from the Cleveland to the New York office of Hill and Knowlton in the Empire State Building. The Gales are now living on Locust Hill Road, Darien, Conn.

1931

Joseph M. Trefethen, assistant professor of geology at University of Maine and State Geologist, is putting much time and thought into ascertaining Maine's possibilities for the production of mica, manganese and peat—all war materials.

1933

Carleton D. Brown has been elected chairman of the Board of Alderman of the City of Waterville.

1935

Hope Bunker left the Colby faculty last year and is now on the staff of the U. S. Geological Survey, Box 829, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

1936

Hugh D. Beach has a new position with *Newsweek* magazine as publicity director. He was formerly radio director for the Chinese Ministry of Information.

1937

Joseph L. Packard has a position in the office of Alien Property Custodian in Washington. He is now living on a 50 ft. boat called the Chalomer.

1941

Prudence Piper is an administrative analyst with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. She is living at 1800 Irving St., N. W.

1944

The seventeen seniors of the class who graduated last December are engaged in the following pursuits:

Kay Clark is chalking up accounting records in that department of General Electric in Schenectady, New York. Pat Gould is a secretary-receptionist in Northampton, Massachusetts. One of the teachers is Barbara Griffiths who instructs in Newbury, Massachusetts. Priscilla Higgins is teaching English in Buxton High School. Dot Holtman is an office worker in the nation's capital. In Hartford, Connecticut, Bonnie Howard works in the Travelers' Insurance Company Audit Department. Eileen Matteo is at home awaiting notice of her entrance into med-school. Right here in Waterville, Vivian Maxwell is secretary in the Post Office. Evelyn Moriarty worked at the Hartford Retreat for a period and is now visiting her husband's grandparents in Philadelphia. Jo-Jo Pitts (Mrs. Fred B. MacAlary) is a math and chemistry teacher at Farmington, Maine. In Providence, Rhode Island, Priscilla Tallman is figuring income taxes in an insurance company. Lucille Upton is a student in Boston. Another teacher is Lottie Wanagel in East Corinth, Maine. In an insurance office again is Mary Weeks, this time in Boston on Marlborough Street.

Of the three men who were graduated, Joseph Marshall, while awaiting notice from his draft board, is teaching school in Oakland, and Tom Norton is in the Air Corps, while Bob Kahn keeps his whereabouts a secret.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Thelma M. Proctor, '43, of Waterville, to Pfc. Delbert Donald Matheson, '43, of Ipswich, Mass. Miss Proctor formerly taught at Gardiner Jr. High School, and is now cashier at the Federal Trust Company at Waterville. Pfc. Matheson is in the Medical Corps with the U. S. Army and has been stationed at Camp Atterbury, Iowa.

MARRIAGES

Anne Polynick of Newark Valley, New York, to Lt. C. B. Rossignol, '39, on Feb. 13, 1943. Mrs. Rossignol was, until recently, the operating room supervisor at the Long Island College Hospital. Lt. Rossignol is stationed at the Finney General Hospital, Thomasville, Georgia.

Barbara Grace Holmes of Waterville, Maine, to Sgt. John Colby Eaton, '41, on December 2, 1943. Sgt. Eaton returned immediately after the wedding to his post at Vancouver Barracks, but has recently come East.

Mary Bean of Claremont, N. H., to Lt. Burton D. Currier, '44, on February 1, 1944. Mrs. Currier is a WAVE stationed in Miami. Lt. Currier received his wings as a fighter pilot at Pensacola, Florida, on January 30.

Gene Apple to Lt. Frederick M. Ford, '40, on March 3, 1944, at St. Louis County, Missouri.

Viola Jane Ruggles to Lt. (jg) George Holbrook, '36, at St. Mark's Chapel, Southboro, Mass., Oct. 16, 1943.

BIRTHS

To Cpl. and Mrs. Francis R. Altieri (Francis R. Altieri, '33), a son, Richard Francis, in August, 1943.

To Lt. (jg) and Mrs. George T. Pugsley (George T. Pugsley, '34), a daughter, Geraldine Lynn, on January 15, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robie F. Bickmore (Ruth Armstrong, '33), a daughter, Marjorie Carol, on January 10, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Ray (Louise Armstrong, '30), twin sons, Robert Andrew and Arthur Charles, in Topsham, Me., June 30, 1943.

To Lt. and Mrs. Donald N. Armstrong (Donald Armstrong, '26), a daughter, Edna May, in Walnut Hill, Calif., on December 8, 1943.

NECROLOGY

BEECHER PUTNAM, '89

A letter from Ralph E. Nash, '11, of St. Petersburg, Florida, tells of the death in that city, on February 18, of Beecher Putnam of the Class of '89. For the past twenty years Beecher has been withdrawn by ill-health from his activities, affinities and friends in Maine, where, after graduation, he was making his place in the affairs of the state, his native town and his college as a member of the Board of Trustees.

Beecher Putnam was born at Houlton, February 13, 1867, the youngest son of the late Lyman O. and Martha Packard Putnam, and brother of Thomas P. Putnam, '84, and Harry L. Putnam, '86. Upon his entrance to college he was welcomed as another of the Putnam boys from Houlton. Tom had graduated only the year before, having made a high reputation during his course, and Harry was becoming a senior with a state-wide reputation in baseball, the outstanding intercollegiate sport of the day, as the outfielder who never missed a fly at "center." Beecher, however, was not given to sports, but maintained himself with a reserve which made him seem beyond

his years in manner and dress. He was talented in debate, always expressing himself with a convincing assurance which foretold the legal profession. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity to which his brothers belonged.

Upon graduation he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1894, for several years in partnership with his brother Tom in the law firm of Putnam and Putnam of Houlton. His early failing in health withdrew him from his promising career, and in 1923 he retired to Florida, making his home in St. Petersburg, where his life was, thereafter, obscured by his persistent indisposition. On the occasion of the round-robin Class letter of '89 circulated in 1942, Beecher conveyed his "blessing" to his classmates as his only message.

He is survived by a nephew, Donald E. Putnam (Colby '16), and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Gertrude Putnam of St. Petersburg. Among other surviving relatives are Justice Charles P. Barnes, '92, of Houlton, and Varney, '99, Henry H., '97, and Edward Putnam of Danforth.

—E. F. S.

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